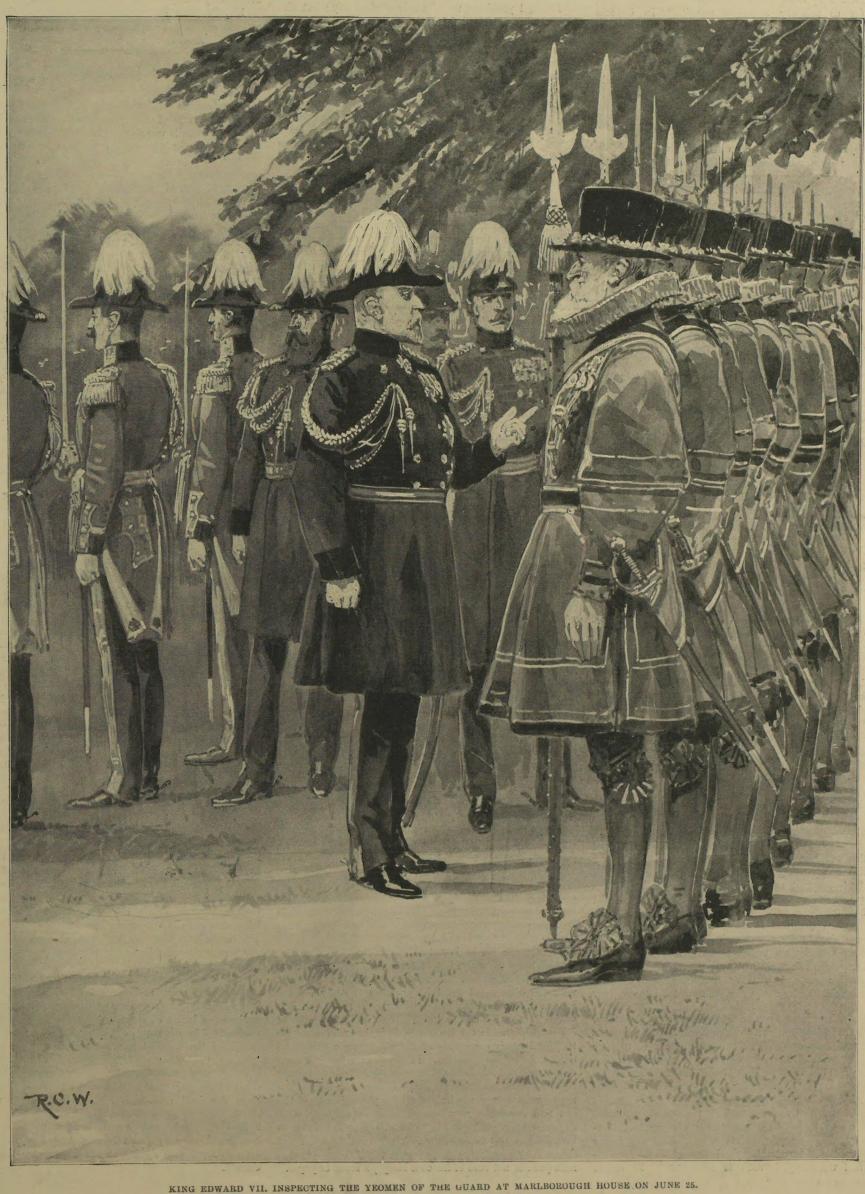
No. 3245.—vol. cxvIII.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1901.

SIXPENCE



OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

It is significant that the foreign military attachés who have been eye-witnesses of the South African campaign do not join in the reckless charges against the British Generals. The American attaché, for instance, Captain Slocum, who accompanied Lord Roberts, makes this striking statement: "The British have been too merciful, and I believe that had a more rigorous course been adopted when, the army first entered Bloemfontein, and the enemy thoroughly stamped on, the war would have been materially shortened." This should be pondered by the hasty persons who accuse us of having violated the Hague Convention, forgetting that every article of the Convention was qualified by the express reservation of the preamble, "So far as military necessity permits." In Captain Slocum's opinion, Lord Roberts abstained from doing what "military necessity" demanded. For instance, an American, or German, or French commander would have held every burgher, captured or surrendered, as a prisoner of war. "Lord Roberts was undoubtedly deceived," says Captain Slocum, "by the general professions of submission." Instead of being "stamped on," the enemy was sent back to his farm on a pledge of neutrality, which, on one pretext or another, he generally contrived to break. Will Captain Slocum be held up to odium by American journalists as a "barbarian"? Or will they take the trouble to reflect that he has learned the business of war from the example of General Sherman?

This incident may help us to measure the "hypocritical cant" (Sherman's phrase) of our Continental critics. They know perfectly well that in a similar case their Generals would have adopted much harsher methods than ours. But they do not hesitate to inveigh against our "barbarism." They say we have broken the "laws of justice and decency," and that never since "the Jewish captivity" has "a whole people" suffered such inhuman treatment as we have meted out to the Boers. Now observe a highly instructive circumstance. Why do the French journals go so far back as the "Jewish captivity" to find a parallel to our tyranny? We have moralists at home who take a much shorter excursion. They confront us with General Weyler's brutality in Cuba. Why is that piece of modern history not good enough for the French? Because they sympathised with Spain in her struggle with America, and denounced the stories about General Weyler as American and British inventions! And yet we are asked to believe that Continental opinion is free from prejudice, and that it anticipates the enlightened verdict of posterity! As a matter of comparison, what we have done bears no real resemblance to what Weyler did. He gathered the Cuban women and children in "concentration" camps, and left them to starve. The long war between the Spaniards and Cubans was conducted on both sides with complete disregard for the usages of civilised warfare; and had Weyler been told that he ought to feed, shelter, and doctor the Cuban women and children as if they were his own people, that he ought to provide them with schools, religious ministrations, and amusement, that he ought to allow foreign ladies to visit the camps, and report on their condition, he would have treated these suggestions as sheer lunacy.

I do not forget that ancient history has also served the purpose of Lord Milner's assailants in his own country. In the House of Commons he has been called "the modern Herod." This is worthy of the genius which likened the historic luncheon at Claridge's to Belshazzar's feast; and modestly undertook to supply the miraculous writing on the wall. The gentleman who cited Herod was good enough to suggest that Lord Milner owed his peerage to his callous inhumanity to the Boer women and children. Strange that Herod, with his eye on a coronet, allowed Miss Hobhouse to visit some of the "concentration" camps! Was it that he might gloat over her account of the misery inflicted by his ambition to sit in the House of Lords? And yet she thanked him for his "kindness" in affording her facilities for writing her pamphlet. Biting irony, I presume! In that realm of emotion where Boeritis is supreme, it seldom occurs to anyone that a British official can be humanely anxious to alleviate distress. I can quite believe that much of the suffering in the camps as been due to imperfect organisation; but when the Hospitals Commission reported that the organisation of the Army Medical Service was imperfect, was it asserted that the hardships of our sick and wounded were wrought by ogres thirsting for the promotion awarded to brutality?

I am not a constant reader of that luminous publication, the Positivist Review; but I have lighted on a pregnant sontence about South Africa: "There we talk of revenge and mastery, and have already decreed the suppression of the 'Taal' in the law courts, and the flogging of the natives." With a humble desire to be instructed, I should like to know who has decreed these things? Is it Herod? If so, why is the fact secreted in the Positivist Review, which ought to have as its motto, "The world forgetting by the world forgot"? The "Taal" is not a language, but a jargon, largely borrowed from Hottentots, and unintelligible even to Dutchmen. In course

of time, it will suppress itself. An enthusiastic scribe at Columbus, Ohio, invites the Boers to emigrate to the United States—"this glorious land of liberty, the most favoured country beneath God's stars." The Boers will "readily acquire knowledge of the latest inventions and modes of tilling the soil on reaching this progressive country." They have not shown much impatience to acquire this knowledge; but the American air is stimulating. To use an expressive idiom of Captain Slocum's, it will make them "bunt ahead." But there is one little difficulty. Will Columbus, Ohio, learn the "Taal," or will the newcomers drop the speech of their forefathers, and pick up the idioms of Columbus, Ohio? Anybody who has a decree on this subject is requested to communicate it to the editor of the Positivist Review.

Political problems may be solved some day; but who can keep pace with the subtleties of conjuring? I am drawn to a certain music-hall by a magician who plucks coins out of the air, passes them through the crown of a borrowed hat, catches them in the hat as they fall apparently out of munificent space (as if Mr. Carnegie were dropping millions from the "flies" above the stage), and does these things with bare arms, and after exposing the palms and backs of his hands, and the spaces between the fingers, to the ingenuous gaze of the amazed spectators. Philosophical speculation, however daring, does not move me. When Haeckel, in his "Evolution of Man," affirms that life on this planet began with the spontaneous generation of "particles of primitive slime" at the bottom of the ocean, I do not lie awake at night wrestling with the idea. But the manœuvres of those coins cause a tension of the imagination that is almost painful. I look at my neighbours, and they are quite haggard with the mental strain. We blink at one another, as who should say, "What's the use of eyes when they can be baffled like this?" Meanwhile, the conjurer, with a bland smile, and a pleasant American accent, is kindly professing to tell us how it is done. American, of course! Is not this another illustration of the process which the scribe at Columbus, Ohio, calls the humbling of the British Lion "in the shadow of the Eagle"? But I reflect that possibly the conjurer has already puzzled the wideawake public of Columbus, and that offers a ray of comfort.

This sleight of hand must fill some statesmer with envy. If Dr. Leyds could only have plucked the secret service cash of the Transvaal Dynamite Company out of the air, instead of leaving documentary evidence of the transaction! Sooner or later we learn how tricks of that kind are done; but it is conceivable that the American conjurer will carry his secret with him to the grave. In less sophisticated times, members of his profession were kind enough to write little text-books of drawing-room magic for the use of amateurs. But either they are warier now or the spell is incommunicable. Our poor faculties are unable to comprehend them, as the medium says, when the spirits of ancient Greek heroes decline to explain why they have forgotten their Greek. It was even possible in the old days to eatch a conjurer out. How we used to relish the anecdote of the smart man who went to a conjuring entertainment, and, when he was waiting in the crowd at the door, suddenly felt that something had been slipped into his tail-pocket! It was a spoon, and with ready wit he slipped it into another man's pocket. The moment came when the conjurer made a spoon vanish, and said, "If that gentleman in the fifth row with a red tie will feel in his pocket, I think he will find that our nimble spoon-—" "Not at all," said the smart man; "but if the old gentleman with a bald head in the first row will feel in his pocket-" then there was a nice tableau! Ah! those were the days of a democracy of ready wit, when any man might find he had the magician's wand about him, just as the French soldier of the Revolution carried a marshal's bâton in his knapsack. But now the conjurers are so expert that they fill us with despair, and that knowing Eagle (after perusing the Columbus Disputch) makes such sport with the Lion's tail that the royal but deluded beast wonders whether that appendage has not been spirited away!

Perhaps a little conjuring might be introduced with advantage into the Japanese drama. It seems to me that the gentlemen in the interesting company of players from Tokio are embarrassed in some scenes of emotion by their fans. When a lady is about to die of a broken heart in the arms of a knight, he is naturally at a loss to know what medicaments to apply, but still more at a loss to dispose comfortably of his fan. He supports her with one arm, and with the disengaged hand he searches tenderly for the broken heart, to bind it up with gentle pressure. But where is the fan meanwhile? With the simplicity of Japanese dramatic art he carries it in his mouth, as the faithful Pompey carries the stick which you throw into the Serpentine for his diversion. In the theatre I do not want to be reminded of the faithful Pompey. Why not make the fan vanish like the American conjurer's coins! When the tragedy is over, the knight might pluck it out of the air, and leave me with one illusion in memory of a Japanese play. The Japanese lady, before her heart is broken, knocks two gentlemen's heads together and stuns them. It may be that this incident provokes in the average man (who is not sure of his own biceps) a sense of pique.

PARLIAMENT.

The House of Commons has been discussing the Finance Bill with exemplary thoroughness. An attempt was made to reduce the duty on colonial sugar, but this commanded only sixteen votes after a debate which, as Sir Howard Vincent said, filled him with "grief and pain." Great pressure was put upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer in regard to the coal duty. Ho declined to make it experimental, but he made some important concessions of exemption, the effect of which will be a reduction of revenue in the present year amounting to £650,000. So energetic an opponent of the duty is Sir James Joicey admitted that the Government had acted liberally. An amendment proposing that when a landlord is in receipt of a royalty for coal he shall pay one-fourth of duty was defeated by a majority of only twenty-eight.

Mr. Brodrick stated that the number of the enemy actively engaged in Cape Colony was between a thousand and two thousand.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"KING CHARLES I." REVIVED AT THE LYCEUM.

If only because "King Charles I." provides Sir Henry Irving with one of his most picturesque and charming impersonations, it was worth while reproducing Wills's old play in the season's interesting series of Lyceum revivals; for the dead playwright's grotesque travesty of history and caricature of Cromwell caunot seriously offend modern partisan feeling, while the tawdry sham-poetic fustian of the language has worn too thin to provoke to-day more than an amused smile of tolerance. Now that the glamour of novelty is gone, it is obvious that the piece contains scarcely the semblance of drama, and is little more than a set of effective tableaux vivants presenting pleasant groupings of Vandyck costumes, and illustrating scenes associated with Hampton Court, Newark fight, and the inevitable Whitehall. One act, however, redeems the piece-that third act in which the King first appeals to, and then reproaches, his Judas friend Moray. For herein Henry Irving is enabled to display, on the one hand, that electrical intensity; on the other, that happy combination of unstrained pathos and calm dignity which distinguish his art from that of his rivals. Hardly less pictorically attractive than the leading actor's King Charles is Ellen Terry's young -looking Queen, a wholly pretty and appealing performance, lacking only in emotional fervour.

THE SUBURBAN THEATRES.

Even the suburban theatres are not altogether unaffected by summer weather. Two houses at least, the Brixton and the Broadway, are now closed for repairing purposes, and the Duchess's (Balham) seems to be providing entertainment in concert form only-two nights this week. Elsewhere melodrama is, on the whole, predominant, though musical comedy and the wandering actor-manager still find an occasional footing. Thus at the Metropole, Camberwell, "The Still Alarm"; at the Borough, Stratford, and the Dalston that evergreen, "East Lynne"; at the Shakespeare, Clapham, "Secrets of the Harem," and at the West London "The Colleen Bawn," all make diverse but undoubtedly sensational appeals. Meantime the musical play has but two, and those American, representatives. "The Casino Girl" is to be seen at the Grand, Fulham, and "The Belle of New York" at Camden Town. As for touring West-End companies, three are on the suburban road. Mr. Lewis Waller is this week appearing as the dashing Don Cesar de Bazan and the suicidal "Fortune's Fool" at the Grand, Islington. Miss Kate Rorke, as the adventuress of "A Fool's Paradise," and a charming boy in "Cupid's Messenger," is also giving a double portion to Kennington playgoers. Mr. Tree, with some of his most picturesque Haymarket successes, is housed this week at the Alexandra, Stoke Newington, whence he migrates next Monday to the Kennington Theatre. Finally, at the Coronet is still the incomparable Réjane.

THE PROGRAMMES OF THE VARIETY HOUSES.

Strangely enough, it is in the summer months that the music-halls provide their best programmes, and this year is no exception to the rule. Just now the Palace maintains its reputation as the home of refined and ever-varied amusement with the humorous musical recitals of Mr. George Grossmith and the engagement of the famous Liane de Pougy in a "mystic" pantomime, "La Yachka." The main attraction at the Hippodrome is its great hunting "sensation," which provides a realistic foxhunt, and is appropriately styled "Tally-ho!" At the Empire special "turns" are furnished by Ludwig Amann, the facial mimic, and Miss Ada Colley, the trilling Australian soprano, while the piece-de-résistance is the picturesque ballet divertissement "Les Papillons." The gorgeous Alhambra relies chiefly on the lithe movements of the handsome Spanish dancer La Tortajada, and on the charms of the new fanciful and vocal ballet, "Inspiration." As for the syndicate "halls," they often divide their "star" performers between themselves. Thus the droll comedian, Mr. George Robey, and the clever Dickens impersonator, Mr. Bransby Williams, are to be seen at both Pavilion and Tivoli, while the grotesquo Mr. Dunville and a piquant German-American comédienne, Miss Fanny Fields, appear at the Tivoli and also at the Oxford.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

The Works of Lord Byron. Poetry. Vol. IV. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, M.A. (Murray. 6s.)

Olier Cromwell. Samuel Rawson Gardiner, M.A. (Longmans, 5s.)

A False Position. A. M. Monro. (Fisher Unwin. 6:.)

Twelve Allegories. Kathleen Haydin Green. (L. no. 3s. 6d.)

The Luck of the Vails. E. F. Benson. (Heinemann. 6:.)

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Selections from the Works of William Blake. Introduction and Notes by Mark Perigini. "The Little Library." (Methuen. 18. 6d.)

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SATU "DAYS, July 6 and 29, for 3, 6, and 8 days, to Accrington, Blackburn, B Line, Brackley, Bradford, Burnley, 4 hester, Chesterfie'd, Cleethorpes, Darlington, Doncas'er, Durham, Elley, Gainsborough, Grimsby Town and Docks), Halifax, Harrlepool, Huddensfield, Hull, Leicester, Liverpool, Loughb rough, Munchester, Middlesbrough, Newcastle, Northallerton, Nottingham, Oldham, Preston, Botherham, Rugby, St. Helens, Scarborough, Sheffield, Southport, South Shtelds, Stockport, Sunderhund, Wakefield, Warrington, West Hartlep-ol, Whitby, Widnes, Wigan, Worksop, York, and many other points in the Midlands, Lancashire, Yorkshire, &c.

EVERY SATURDAY until further notice, for 3, 8 10, 15, or 17 days, to Blac'pool (Talbet Road and Central), Bridlington, Chester, Cleethorpes, Cullercoats, Dou-las, Filey, Fleetwood, Grimsby (Town and Docks), Liverpool, Litham, New Clee, Red ar, Robin Hood's Bay, St. Ann's, Sallburn, Scarborough, Southport, Tynemouth, Whi, by, Wieke Bods, in the Canatay, Experience of the Canatay, E

Week-Ends in the Country.—Every Saturday (for half-day, 1, 2, or 3 daye); Sundays (for lor 2 days); Mondays and Thursdays (for half-day and I day) to Ashby Magna, Brackley, Calvert, Charwelton, Culworth, Finnere, Hel vdon, Leicester, Loughborough (half-day tickets not issued), Lutterworth, Rugby, Whetstone, Willoughby, Woodford, and Hinton.

Tickets (dated in advance), bills, and all information can be obtained at Marylebone Station, also of Messrs. Dean and Dawson, 55, Charing Cross, and at all Great Central Ticket Offices. WILLIAM POLLITT, General Manager

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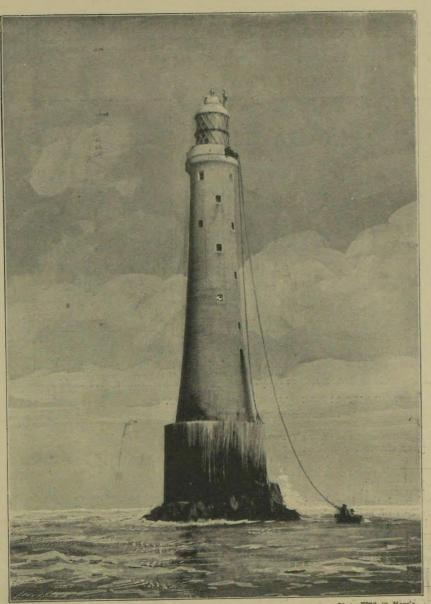
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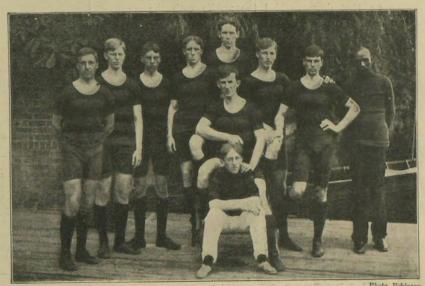




THE WRECK OF THE "FALKLAND": THE BISHOP ROCK LIGHTHOUSE, SCILLY, WHERE THE VESSEL STRUCK ON JUNE 22.



JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, CREW TO COMPETE AT HENLEY FOR THE LADIES' CHALLENGE PLATE.



THE PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY CREW TRAINING AT HENLEY FOR THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP RACE.



"Go, say to my Lord of Pembroke, I would crave a petticoat of him, but this Wyat mistake me for what I am!"

ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO MAX PEMBERTON'S STORY, "BARBARA OF OLLERTON," IN OUR SUMMER NUMBER, NOW PUBLISHING

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING AND THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

On June 25, in the garden of Marlborough House, his Majesty inspected the Yeomen of the Guard. The King, who wore Field-Marshal's uniform, was attended at the parade by Major-General Sir Henry Trotter, the Equery in Waiting. After the march past of the venerable corps, King Edward, expressed his pleasure at the smart appearance Edward expressed his pleasure at the smart appearance of the men. He afterwards presented the Royal Victorian medal to Sergeant-Major Rule and to Yeoman Kells, V.C. At the same time and place the King held another inspection—that of the representatives of the Central Africa Regiment, which served during the recent campaigns in Ashanti and Gambia. Medals were presented by the King to Colonel Sir James Willcocks and Major A. Plunkett, and also to the non-commissioned officers and men of the 2nd Battalion of the Central Africa Regiment now in England. His Majesty also presented the medal for distinguished conduct to Sergeant-Major Slattery, of the same battalion.

ASCOT WEEK.

Even the absence of royalty, where royalty is so much a part of the show as it is at "Royal Ascot," could not make the occasion of the races a wholly dull one, even in its diminished glory. The race for the Royal Hunt Cup on that day provided the public with the pleasant sensation it always has when the first favourite testselly turned to the the winner. This was Mr. I. B. pleasant sensation it always has when the first favourite actually turns out to be the winner. This was Mr. J. B. Leigh's Stealaway, whose sire, Morion, won the same race for the Duke of Devonshire eleven years ago. The winner of the Hardwicke Stakes was Mr. W. H. Walker's Merry Gal. On Thursday great enthusiasm greeted the victory of Mr. George Edwardes' Santoi, ridden by Rickaby, for the Gold Cup. On the following day, after the Alexandra Plate had been won by Kilmarnock II., Rose Tree beat the favourites for the Wokingham Stakes—another triumph for an American owner, Mr. Corrigan. another triumph for an American owner, Mr. Corrigan.

ASCOT SUNDAY AT BOULTER'S LOCK.

Ascot Week house-parties, despite the boisterous weather, spent last Sunday on the river in the traditional fashion. There seemed to be no falling-off in the numbers of craft or in the smartness of their occupants, and Boulter's Lock was, as usual, the meeting-place for crowds of interested spectators. Over two hundred launches passed through the lock, in which at times eighty rowing-boats could be counted.

THE PRO-BOER MEETING.

A remarkable meeting was held on the evening of June 19 A remarkable meeting was held on the evening of June 19 at Queen's Hall by the friends of the Boers to hear addresses from Messrs. Merriman and Sauer on the South African question. Mr. Merriman, as it turned out, was unable to appear, but Mr. Sauer, who was supported on the platform by Mr. Labouchere as chairman, Mr. Lloyd-George, M.P., Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., Dr. Clifford, Mr. Silas Hocking, Mr. Bryn Roberts, Mr. John Dillon, and other eminent upholders of the Boer cause, faced a packed gathering. Care had been taken by a judicious issue of tickets gathering. Care had been taken by a judicious issue of tickets that the majority of the audience should be sympathisers with the object of the meeting, but in order to restrain any hostile intruders a large number of "stewards" had been drawn from the purlieus of Battersea and Soho. To these gentlemen was entrusted the sacred task of preserving law and order. After a speech from the chairman denunciatory of the war, Mr. Sauer delivered an address, and Mr. Lloyd-George moved a resolution condemnatory of the South African policy of the Government. Dr. Clifford seconded

and Mr. Keir Hardie spoke in support. During the meeting the streets outside the hall were packed by a dense crowd, and the sympathisers with the Boers, as they emerged, were in several instances handled rather roughly. Minor incidents of the meeting were the reciting by Madame San Carolo of a poem by William Watson, and the holding up by the chairman of a soiled Union Jack, which, he said, had been captured in the streets from the Stock of Major-General Turner, C.B., Alderman Sir Alfred Newton and Lady Newton, Major-General MacKinnon, Colonel Fludyer, Colonel Sir Howard Vincent, M.P., and Lady Vincent, Major Legh, and a number of relatives and friends of the fallen men. The officers and men of the Queen's Westminsters who served in South Africa marched to the Abbey preceded by their band, and proceeded to the Cloisters, where the Dean of Westminster, attended by







MR. ROE'S SPOON



MR. BUCHANAN'S SOUTH AFRICAN SPOON.

THE CAMBRIDGE WOODEN SPOONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRISP.

Exchange contingent. During the proceedings the crowd outside sang patriotic songs and gave cheers for British

THE HORNIMAN MUSEUM.

To-day sees the public inauguration of the Horniman Museum at Forest Hill. This collection of marvels from many lands, gathered together by a member of the Horniman family, has been generously presented to the public and housed in a handsome new building-set in the midst of fifteen acres, which are now dedicated to use as a public park. The entrance to the museum will be free.

MEMORIAL TO VOLUNTEERS.

A memorial tablet placed in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey to those members of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers (13th Middlesex) who died in South Africa last

year while serving in the ranks of the City of London Imperial Corps, was unveiled on Saturday afternoon last week by Mr. BrodArchdeacon Wilberforce, awaited them. Unveiling the memorial, the Secretary of State for War paid a tribute to the bravery of the dead, and expressed the gratitude of the country towards the Volunteers for the example of courageous patriotism which they had set. The names engraved on the memorial are those of Lance-Corporal Charles Francis Nixon, Privates Frederick Nance Aylen, James Chapman Appleford, John Heath Bryce, Reginald Darling Cameron, Sidney Carr, and Francis Henry Welsby. THE CAMBRIDGE WOODEN SPOON.

The historic event of the presentation of the wooden spoon The historic event of the presentation of the wooden spoon to the man lowest of his year in the Mathematical Tripos took place on June 17. This year there were two recipients of the honour—Mr. E. V. Roe, of Pembroke, and Mr. D. M. Buchanan, of Trinity. Their friends took their positions in the gallery in good time, and the spoons were solemnly lowered by a ribbon stretched across the Senate House. As Mr. Buchanan had been a member of a college in Cape Colony, his friends presented him with an additional

friends presented him with an additional spoon decorated with the South African colours. The presentation of three wooden spoons is unusual, if not unprecedented. By an almost foregone conclusion, the men who win this blue ribbon of booby prizes are persons of considerable popularity in their college.

SURREY v. OXFORD UNIVERSITY AT THE OVAL.

The three days' match at the Oval between Surrey and Oxford University began on Monday last. Surrey won the toss, but started badly, the second ball of the match causing Abel to play on. From the training the proper matter improved. that point, however, matters improved, and the home team's innings closed, after five and a half hours' play, for 497. Of these Hayes scored 121 runs and Holland 104. Oxford's bowling was particularly weak, More, their captain, having the best average, four wickets for 147. The visit-ing eleven had ten minutes' batting before the day's play ended, and scored nine runs without the loss of a wicket. On runs without the loss of a wicket. On Tuesday the match was renewed. Oxford finished their first innings with only 247 to their credit, and it was decided to let them follow on. The best score was made by C. H. B. Marsham, who was credited with 48. At the close of play on Tuesday the University's second innings had resulted in a score of 95, with five wickets d wn.

five wickets d wn.

THE DOG-SHOW AT RANELAGH. The Duchess of Newcastle presided last Saturday afternoon over the Fox Terrier Show at Ranelagh. Her Grace also acted as judge to the rough-coated classes—an act of self-obliteration, in one sense, as it removed from the competition her own entries of Champion Cackler and Commoders of Next, both her database languages at Clause and Next, and the competition of Next, both her database languages at Clause and Next, and Commoders of Next, both her database languages at Clause and Next, and Next dore of Notts, both bred at the famous kennel at Clumber. The judge of the smooth-coated terriers was Mr. F. Redmond. As far as the dogs were concerned, the honours of the day fell to Mr. R. Philipson's King Elf, which, after winning the premier prizes in the open class and the limit class, was finally awarded the championship. Mr. Philipson's luck did not end there, for his champion Appleby Jane, after securing several awards in the various bitch classes, carried off the championship. Mrs. W. G. Briggs's Brynhir Bagman was triumphant in the Veteran class, and other prize-winners were Mr. Robert Vicary's Velocipede, Lady Edith Villiers's Grove Venus, Mr. E. Clyde Lewis's Carlyon, Mr. J. C. Tinne's Terence. Mr. McNeill's Nailbrush, and Miss Hatfield's Modern Beau. There was a large attendance of visitors, including many dore of Notts, both bred at the famous kennel at Clumber. There was a large attendance of visitors, including many



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE HORNIMAN MUSEUM AT FOREST HILL, OPENED ON JUNE 29.



THE UNVEILING OF THE BISMARCK STATUE BEFORE THE KAISER AT BERLIN ON JUNE 16.

ladies, whose dresses, together with the bright sunshine and the red jerseys of the dogkeepers, made a gay picture in the delightful setting of green trees.

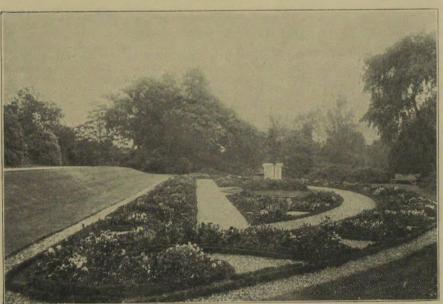
THE BRAZILIAN MISSION.

Commodore Bacella and the other officers of the Brazilian Commodore Bacella and the other officers of the Brazilian battle-ship Maresciallo Floriano have had a gay week of engagements in London, including the reception by the King, the reception by the Marquis of Lansdowne, and a lunch at the Alexandra Hotel, attended by the Brazilian Minister. All their time, however, was not given over to State ceremonials or to feasting; for the programme includes an expedition to Westminster Abbey, where, on the tomb of Admiral Lord Cochrane, votive flowers will be laid. Lord Cochrane, it will be remembered, was the first Admiral of the Brazilian Navy, which he founded during the War of Independence. In this connection it is interesting to note that Lieutenant Arthur Thompson, of the staff of the Brazilian Commodore, is a great-grandson of the Rear-Admiral Thompson who accompanied Lord Cochrane to Brazil.

THE BISMARCK STATUE AT BERLIN.

The national monument erected to Bismarck in Berlin was unveiled at noon on June 16. "Bismarck belongs to no party; he belongs to the whole nation." Those words, uttered by his successor in the Chancellorship. Count von Bülow, gave the keynote to the great occasion. The

Emperor himself added by his presence to the historic impressiveness of this great act of homage paid to the memory of the man whom he once counted as an antagonist. The colossal bronze statue of Bismarck, raised on a granite pedestal, shows him in the Cuirassier uniform he used to wear in the Reichstag. That appropriate association is further maintained by the background of the testic which coveries the desire of the feedle of the cration is further maintained by the background of the statue, which carries the design of the façade of the Parliamentary buildings. At his feet are large figures of Atlas, of the Muse of History, of Germania trampling on a dragon, and of Siegfried forging the sword. The head, thrown back in an attitude of watchfulness, is not overshadowed by the helmet. The left hand rests upon the hilt of his sword. The space occupied by the monument and its platform is over fifty yards soware. ment and its platform is over fifty yards square.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S FAVOURITE BED OF PANSIES AT SANDRINGHAM.



COMMODERE BACKLLA.

[Portrait Elliett and Fry. THE BRAZILIAN MISSION TO THE KING: THE BRAZILIAN WAR-SHIP MARESCIALLO FLORIANO" AND HER CAPTAIN.



THE AUTOMOBILE RACE FROM PARIS TO BERLIN: THE PRESIDENT OF THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB IN HIS CARRIAGE, "GIANT SNAIL-"

THE MOORISH AMBASSADOR ARRIVING AT THE ELYSÉE, PARIS, TO PRESENT HIS CREDENTIALS TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

TERSONAL.

The King and Queen spent last week very quietly at Sandringham, among their visitors being M. de Soveral, the Portuguese Minister, Lord and Lady Esher, Sir Henry Stephenson, and Lord and Lady de Grey. On Sunday the seventh birthday of Prince Edward of York was celebrated, among the King's gifts to his grandson being a bicycle. In honour of the event, and for the first time, a royal salute was fired on Monday in the Long Walk, Windsor Park. On the same day his Majesty returned to Marlborough House. Queen Alexandra has accorded her gracious patronage to a grand concert to be given in aid of the National Memorial to Queen Victoria in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House on the afternoon of July 8. Queen Alexandra's love of flowers is well known, and is amply proved by the gardens at Sandringham. The magnificent bed of pansies depicted elsewhere enjoys her Majesty's capacity flowers. especial favour.

Great and general regret and sympathy were felt throughout this country on Monday morning when the



Photo. Elliott and Fra THE LATE MR. ADALBERT HAY, Former United States Consul at Pretoria

was announced as having occurred under tragic circumstances on the previous day. Mr. Hay, who graduated at Yale University in 1898, had gone to New Haven to attend his class reunion. He had retired to bed at one in the morning in excellent spirits. Apparently he had turned down his bed - covers as if preparing to go to rest, had then gone on to the balcony to smoke a cigarette, and finally had lost

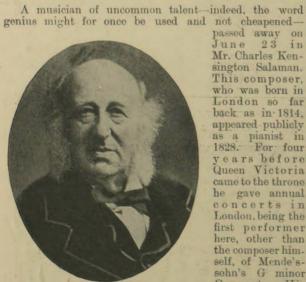
death of Mr. Adalbert S. Hay

his balance and fallen from the parapet on the third floor down into the street below. His skull was broken, and death was instantaneous. Mr. Hay, besides being the son of a former American Ambassador in England, was himself well known for his excellent services as American Consul at Pretoria, with a watching brief for British interests, early in 1900. With a message of sympathy to the survivors sent by the King was one also from Lord Roberts, recalling Mr. Hay's popularity in this canacity. capacity

Mr. Asquith has publicly dissociated himself and the Liberal Imperialists from the recent pronouncements on the war by Mr. Morley and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. He refuses to consider any demand for the restoration of the Boer independence, and strongly resents the imputations of "barbarism" on Lord Milner and the

Mr. Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, has used some very plain speaking about the "statesmen at home" who encourage the Boers to prolong the war. Mr. Seddon's views are unquestionably representative of Colonial feeling. It would be impossible to organise such a meeting as that at Queen's Hall in any town or village of Australia, New Zealand, or Canada.

The Count de Lur-Saluces has been put on his trial before the High Court of the French Senate. Paris is not interested in the case, although the accused strikes heroic attitudes and glories in his enmity to the Republic. It seems a pity that the machinery of a State prosecution should have been set in motion by this nobleman. It is like the application of the Nasmyth hammer to the nut.



Photo, Elliott and Fry THE LATE CHARLES K. SALAMAN, Musical Compo

Mr. Charles Kensington Salaman. This composer, who was born in London so far back as in 1814, appeared publicly as a pianist in 1828. For four years before Queen Victoria came to the throne he gave annual concerts in London, being the first performer here, other than the composer himself, of Mende'ssohn's G minor Concerto. His musical lectures, too, had their vogue; but it is

by his own compositions that he will be best remembered. Indeed, he lived long enough to see how well established was the popularity of the music he set to Shelley's "I Arise from Dreams of Thee," a success in song-writing which he repeated some forty years later with Swinburne's "A Leave-taking." His music to Horace and Anacreon had the unique interest of being set to the untranslated words.

The old bottled sherry belonging to Queen Victoria and King Edward has been sold at Christie's for remarkable prices. In some cases the bidding was as high as fifteen millings a bottle.

The election of a successor to the ex-Patriarch Constantine V. took place on June 7 at the Phanar Cathedral.



Elected Patriarch of the Greek Church for the Second Time.

course of Greeks crowded the church and blocked the approaches on every side. When the name of the successful candidate was definitely announced, the enthusiasm of the people reached the highest pitch. Cheer upon cheer shook the sacred building to its very foundations, and the crowds outside, taking up the cry, de monstrated th the popularity of the new hierarch. Joachim III., who had thus been elected Patriarch

An immense con-

for the second time by an overwhelming majority, is a man of great force of character, and his people see in him not only their religious head, but the astute politician who is to further the Pan-Hellenic propaganda and curtail Slavic influence in Macedonia.

For the gratification of our visitor the Moorish Ambassador, a special review was held on June 26 by Earl Roberts, on the Horse Guards' Parade. The troops, who were commanded by Major-General Sir Henry Trotter, were drawn from the V Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery; 1st and 2nd Life Guards, Grenadier Guards. Scots and Irish Guards, and the Coldstream Guards. The music for the ceremony was supplied by the massed bands of the 2nd Life Guards and Scots and Irish Guards. The parade began at 9.20, and the ceremonial evolutions greatly impressed and pleased our visitor from the South

The members of the Moorish mission to France arrived in Paris on June 18, and first showed themselves to the public two days later. Our Illustration shows their first visit to the Elysée.

President Loubet-who. however, owns that he himself prefers to drive a mail phaeton—was unofficially present at the start of the tourist section of the motors entered for the Paris-Berlin race on June 22. An Illustration of the start is given on another page of this issue.

Captain William Wilson, who has now the command of the Fleet Reserve at Portsmouth, was born on June 28

fifty-three years He entered the Navy when he was thirteen, became Lieu-tenant in 1867, Commander in 1882, and Captain in 1890. When he was a midshipman on the cutter Wasp he assisted at the capture of an armed slaver off Zanzibar after a desperate resistance. He commanded the Cygnet in the Sea of Marmora during the Russo-Turkish War, 1877-78, and the Don during the Egyptian War of 1882. He has the



CAPTAIN W. WILSON Commanding Fleet Reserve at Portsmouth.

Egyptian Medal and the Khedive's Bronze Star, and is a Justice of the l'eace for the county of Wilts.

Some stir has been caused in Paris by the announcement that Queen Ranavalona is engaged to marry "a French sportsman," and that the Government is "perplexed," ecause such a union would give the deposed monarch of Madagascar the French nationality. Perhaps it would be hasty to suspect the sportsman of a desire to make political capital at the expense of the Republic. He may have an innocent desire to take the Malagasy Queen on a Continental tour in a motor-car.

M. Jean de Bloch has stated his views of the war in a lecture at the United Service Institution. He denies that the difficulties of the campaign are due to weaknesses of the British organisation, and ascribes them to conditions which have changed the character of modern warfare. German tactics were employed by us at the beginning of the war, and they would have failed just as signally if they had been employed by Germans. M. de Bloch paid a high tribute to the moral stamina of the British people.

The barque Falkland, from Tacoma, Waslington, bound for Falmouth with wheat, struck on the Bishop Rock, Scilly Isles, on June 22, at the point of rock nearest the boat in our picture, and foundered in ten minutes. The captain and five of the crew were drowned.

A New York paper has organised a race round the world for three competitors, who are authorised to spend any money they please on special trains and special steamers. The American public finds time to take an interest in this contest, which is not expected to prove anything in particular except the American readiness to go ahead. But racing round the world is rather common-place, after all. Why not have a race to the planet Mars

and back? This would enable the competitors to agree that they had been there, and to vie with one another in the art of story-telling.

A German court has been occupied with a libel case, originating in the irritation of the Cologne Gazette at the story that it had received British bribes. The idea of representing that journal as in any way favourable to British policy has a humorous originality.

It has been usual for the Pope to pass the greater part of his days during June in the Vatican gardens. This year, however, his physician, Dr. Lapponi, has advised him to disco timue the practice. Although the state of the Pope's health cannot be said to cause alarm, it is true that he is feeling the weight of years more than ever. In taking leave of Cardinal Gibbons the other day, the Pope remarked that probably they would never meet again, and that when the Cardinal returned to Rome he would find another occupant of the see of St. Peter.

The Right Rev. Isaac Helmuth, formerly Bishop of Huron, who died recently at Weston-super-Mare, was

born eighty - one ears ago at Warsaw, in Poland. At the age of twentysix he was ordained by the Bishop of Quebec. and spent the next thirty-seven years of his life in the service of the Canadian Church. The Huron diocese, of which he was first Archdeacon, then Dean, and finally Bishop, he resigned in 1883, coming home on the invitation of Bishop Bicker-steth of Ripon, who desired his aid as coadjutor.



Photo. Elliott and Fry THE LATE DR. I. HELLMUTH, Formerly Bishop of Huron

Two years later, on the nomination of the Simeon Trustees. he became Rector of Bridlington; and in 1891 he accepted the chaplaincy of Holy Trinity, Pau, which he held for six years. The Bishop was twice married, his second wife being the daughter of Admiral the Hon. H. Duncombe, and widow of the Hon. Ashley Carr Glyn.

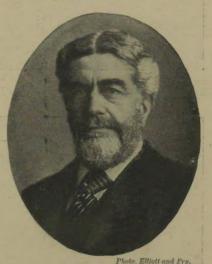
In the electoral contest at Stratford-on-Avon Shakspere has been freely quoted on both sides. This is probably the first time that the bard has taken a prominent part in a Parliamentary contest. Whatever may be the political value of this incident, it may be hoped that many Warwickshire electors will be induced to pursue these novel studies of Shakspere, and to discover in him sources of interest unconnected with the declaration of the poll.

On June 20 two new operating-theatres and a new children's ward were opened at St. Thomas's Hospital by Lord Lister. The operating-theatres are fitted with all the latest appliances for ventilation and sanitation. A charming feature of the new children's ward are the panel-pictures in tiles illustrating nursery rhymes. These were presented by Mr. Stephen G. Holland as a memorial to his daughter, Miss Lilian Holland.

Mr. Fred E. Weatherly, who is probably the most prolific writer of light lyrics of our time, is to lecture on the afternoon of July 6 at Steinway Hall in aid of the Choir Fund of St. Thomas' Church, Portman Square. Mr. Weatherly's subject, "Thirty-Three Years of Song-Writing," is one which certainly lies well within his hand. Vocal illustrations will be given by Mrs. Ernest Newton, Mr. Maurice Farkoa, and other artists, and the accompanist is Mr. Ernest Newton. Tickets can be had at the Hall.

Admiral Sir Anthony Hiley Hoskins, whose death is reported from Pleystowie Capel, near Dorking, was born

in 1828. A hundred years earlier one of his family, Mary Hoskins, married the Rev. Samuel Hood, of Beaminster, and gave birth to the future Viscount Hood and Viscount Bridport. After leaving Winchester, Anthony entered the Navy in 1842, on board the took him into active service against the Forts Tamatave in 1845. Six years later be acted as A.D.C. to Sir Harry Smith



THE LATE ADMIRAL FIR ANTHONY HOSKINS, Former First Naval Lord of the Admiralty.

during the Kaffir War. Again, six years later, he commanded the gun-boat Slaney in Chinese waters, and had his part in the capture of the Takur Forts and of Tientsin. Commands of the Eclipse on the North American Station, and of the Sultan in the Channel Fleet, followed. In the later 'seventies he became Commodore in Australian waters, to Queen Victoria, a Rear-Admiral, and a C.B. After that he served as a Lord of the Admiralty, as Superintendent of Naval Reserves, as Commander in-Chief in the Mediterranean, and as First Naval Lord. As such he retired in 1893, receiving his G.C.B. and good-service

The Mould=be=Goods.

THE DRAGON'S TEETH; OR, ARMY-SEED.

By E. NESBIT.

Illustrated by Arthur H. Buckland.

LBERT'S UNCLE was out on his bicycle as usual.

After the day when we became Canterbury Pilgrims and were brought home in the dogcart with red wheels by the lady he told us was his long-lost grandmother he had known years ago in India, he spent not nearly so much of his time in writing, and he used to shave every morning instead of only when requisite, as in

earlier days. And he was always going out on his bicycle in his new Norfolk suit. We are not so unobserving as grown-up people make out. We knew well enough he was looking for the long-lost. And we jolly well wished he might find her. Oswald always full of her. Oswald, always full of sympathy with misfortune. however undeserved, had himself tried several times to find the lady, so had the others. But all this is what they call a digression; it has nothing to do with the Dragon's Teeth I am now narrating.

It began with the pig dying—it was the one we had for the circus, but its having behaved so badly that day had nothing to do with its illness and death, though the girls said they felt remorse, and perhaps if we hadn't made it run so that day it might have been spared to us. But Oswald cannot pretend that people were right just because they happen to be dead, and as long as that pig was alive we all knew well enough that it was it that made us

run—and not us it.

The pig was buried in the kitchen garden. Jim dug the grave, and while he was away at his dinner we took a turn at digging, because we like to be useful-and besides, when you dig you never know what you may turn up. I knew a man once that found a gold ring on the point of his fork when he was digging potatoes; and you know how we found two holf-grown. we found two half-crowns ourselves once when we were digging for treasure

Oswald was taking his turn with the spade, and the others were sitting on the gravel and telling him how

to do it.
"Work with a will,"

Dickie said, yawning.

Alice said: "I wish we were in a book. People in books never dig without finding something. I think I'd rather it was a secret passage than anything."

Oswald stopped to wipe his honest brow ere reply-

ing...A secret's nothing when you've found it out. Look at the secret staireven for hide-and-seek, because of its squeaking. I'd rather have the pot of gold we used to dig for when we were little." It was really only last year, but you seem to grow old very quickly after you have once passed the prime of your youth,

which is at ten, I believe.

"How would you like to find the mouldering bones of Royalist soldiers, foully done to death by nasty Ironsides?" Noël asked, with his mouth full of

"If they were really dead it wouldn't matter."
Dora said. "What I'm afraid of is a skeleton
that can walk about and catch at your legs when
you're going upstairs to bed."

"Skeletons can't walk," Alice said in a hurry; "you know they can't, Dora.

And she glared at Dora till she made her sorry she had said what she had. The things you are frightened of, or even those you would rather not meet in the dark, should never be mentioned before the little ones, or else they cry when it comes to bed-time, and say it was because of what you said. colour, but like a bone Pincher has buried. So Oswald

"It is the skeleton."

The girls all drew back, and Alice said, "Oswald, I wish you wouldn't." A moment later the discovery was unearthed, and Oswald lifted it up with both hands.

It's a dragon's head,' Noël said, and it certainly looked like it. It was long and narrowish and bony,

and with great yellow teeth sticking in the jaw.

Jim came back just then, and said it was a horse's head, but H. O. and Noël would not believe it. and Oswald owns that no horse he has ever seen had a head

at all that shape.

But Oswald did not stop to argue, because he saw a keeper who showed him how keeperwho showed him how to set snares going by, and he wanted to talk to him about ferrets; so he went off, and Dickie and Denny and Alice with him. Also Daisy and Dora went off to finish reading "Ministering Children." So H. O. and Noël were left with the bony head. They took it away.

head. They took it away.

The incident had quite faded from the mind of Oswald next day. But just before breakfast Noël and H. O. came in looking hot and anxious. They had got up early, and had not washed at all—not even their hands and faces. Noël made Oswald a secret signal. All the others saw it, and with proper delicate feeling pre-

tended not to have.

When Oswald had gone out with Noël and H. O., in obedience to the secret signal, Noël said—
"You know that dragon's

head yesterday?"
"Well?" Oswald said
quickly, but not crossly—
the two things are quite
different.

"Well, you know what happened in Greek history

when some chap sowed dragon's teeth?"

"They came up armed men," said H. O.; but Noël sternly bade him shut up, and Oswald said "Well"

and Oswald said "Well" again. If he spoke impatiently it was because he smelt the bacon being taken in to breakfast.

"Well," Noël went on, "what do you suppose would have come up if we'd sowed those dragon's teeth we found yesterday?"

"Why, nothing, you young duffer," said Oswald, who could now smell the coffee. "All that isn't history—it's humbug. Come on in to brekker."

"It's not humbug." H. O. cried; "it is history. We'did sow—"

"Shut up," said Noël

"Shut up," said Noel ain. "Look here, oswald. We did sow those dragon's teeth in Randall's ten-acre meadow, and what do you think has come up?"
"Toadstools, I should think." was Oswald's con-

temptible rejoinder.

without a word, he led the way to the bacon and the banqueting-hall.



Dickie shinned up the sign-post and saved off the two arms, and we nailed hem up wrong, so that it said "To Braidstone" on the Dover road, and "To Dover" on the road to Braidstone.

"We shan't find anything. No jolly fear!" said Dickie

And just then my spade I was digging with struck on something hard, and it felt hollow. I did really think for one joyful space that we had found that pot of gold. But the thing, whatever it was, seemed to be longish—longer, that is, than a pot of gold would naturally be. And as I uncovered it I saw that it was not at all pot-of-gold

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"They have come up a camp of soldiers," said Noël—
"armed men. So you see it was history. We have sowed army-seed, just like Cadmus, and it has come up. It was a very wet night. I daresay that helped it along."

Oswald could not decide which to disbelieve—his brother or his ears. So, disguising his doubtful emotions without a world helped the ways to the brosen and the

He said nothing about the army-seed then, neither did Noël and H.O. But after the bacon we went into the garden, and then the good elder brother said-

"Why don't you tell the others your cock-and-bull

So they did-and their story was received with warm expressions of doubt. It was Dickie who observed—
"Let's go and have a squint at Randall's ten acre, any-

I saw a hare there the other day.

We went. It is some little way, and as we went, disbelief reigned superb in every breast except Noël's and H. O.'s: so you will see that even the ready pen of the present author cannot be expected to describe to you his variable sensations when he got to the top of the hill and suddenly saw that his little brothers had spoken the truth. I do not mean that they generally tell lies; but people make mistakes sometimes, and the effect is the same as lies

There was a camp there, with real tents and soldiers in grey and red tunics. I daresay the girls would have said coats. We stood in ambush, too astonished even to think of lying in it, though, of course, we know that this is customary. The ambush was the wood on top of the little hill between Randall's ten - acre meadow and Sugden's

Waste Wake pasture.

"There would be cover here for a couple of regiments, whispered Oswald, who was, I think, gifted by fate with

the far-seeingness of a born general.

Alice merely said, "Hist!" and we went down to mingle with the troops as though by accident, and seek for

The first man we came to at the edge of the camp was cleaning a sort of cauldron-thing like witches brew bats in. We went up to him and said, "Who are you? Are

you English or are you the enemy?"
"We're the enemy," he said, and he did not seem ashamed of being what he was. And he spoke English

with quite a good accent for a foreigner.
"The enemy!" Oswald echoed in shocked tones. It is a terrible thing to a loyal and patriotic person to see an enemy cleaning a pot in an English field with English sand, and looking as much at home as if he was in his foreign fastnesses.

The enemy seemed to read Oswald's thoughts with

deadly unerringness. He said-

The English are somewhere over on the other side of the hill. They are trying to keep us out of Braidstone.

After this our plan of mingling with the troops did not seem worth going on with. The soldier, in spite of his unerringness in reading Oswald's immost heart, seemed not so very sharp in other things, or he would never have given away his secret plans like this, for he must have known from our accents that we were Britons to the backbone. Or perhaps — (Oswald thought this, and it made his blood at once boil and freeze, which our uncle has told us is possible, but only in India)—perhaps he thought that Braidstone was already as good as taken, and it didn't matter what he said. While Oswald was debating within matter what he said. While Oswald was debating within his intellect what to say next, and how to say it so as to discover as many as possible of the enemy's dark secrets,

"How did you get here? You weren't here yesterday

at tea-time.

The soldier gave the pot another sandy rub, and said-"I daresay it does seem quick work—the camp seems as if it had sprung up in the night—doesn't it?—like a

Alice and Oswald looked at each other, and then at the

rest of us. The words "sprung up in the night" seemed to touch a string in every heart.

"You see," whispered Noël, "he won't tell us how he

"You see," whispered Noer,
here. Now is it nousense or history came here. Oswald, after whisperedly requesting his young brother

to dry up and not bother, remarked-

"Then you're an invading army."
"Well," said the soldier, "we're a skeleton battalion as a matter of fact, but we're invading all right

And now indeed the blood of the stupidest of us froze, just as the quick-witted Oswald's had done earlier in the interview. Even H. O. opened his mouth and went the colour of mottled soap: it is the nearest he can go to turning pale.

Denny said, "But you don't look like skeletons."

The soldier stared, then he laughed and said, "Ah. that's the padding in our tunics. You should see the grey dawn taking our morning bath in a bucket. You should see us in

It was a dreadful picture for the imagination. skeleton, with its bones all loose most likely, bathing in a There was a silence while we thought it over.

Now ever since the cleaning-cauldron soldier had said that about taking Braidstone, Alice had kept on pulling at Oswald's jacket behind, and he had kept on not taking But now he could not stand it any longer, so any notice. he said, "Well, what is it?

Alice drew him aside, or, rather, she pulled at his jacket, so that he nearly fell over backwards; and then she whispered, "Come alone, don't stay parleying with the foe. He's only talking to you to gain time." the foe, He ... What for

said Oswald.

"Why, so that we shouldn't warn the other army, silly," Alice said; and Oswald was so upset by what she said that he forgot to be properly angry with her for the wrong word she used.

"But we ought to warn them at home," he said; "suppose the house were burned down and all the supplies

commandeered for the foe.'

Alice turned boldly to the soldier. "Do you burn

down farms?" she asked.

"Well, not as a rule," he said, and he had the cheek to wink at Oswald, but Oswald would not look at him. 'We've not burnt a farm since-oh, not for years.'

"A farm in Greek history it was, I expect," Denny murmured.

"Civilised warriors do not burn farms nowadays,"

Alice said sternly, "whatever they did in Greek times."
The soldier said things had changed a good deal since then. So we said good-morning as quickly as we could: it is proper to be polite, even to your enemy, except just at the moments when it has really come to rifles and bayonets or other weapons.

The soldier said "So long!" in quite a modern voice. and we retraced our footsteps in silence to the ambush-I mean the wood. Oswald did think of lying in the ambush then, but it was rather wet, because of the rain the night before that H.O. said had brought the army-seed up. And Alice walked very fast, saying nothing but "Hurry up, can't you," and dragging H.O. by one hand and Noël by the other. So we got into the road.

Then Alice faced round and said: "This is all our lt. If we hadn't sowed those dragon's teeth, there

wouldn't have been any invading army."

I am sorry to say Daisy said: "Never mind, Alice We didn't sow the nasty things, did we, Dora?

But Denny told her it was just the same. had done it, so long as it was any of us. Oswald was very pleased to see that Denny was beginning to understand the meaning of true manliness, and about the honour of the house of Bastable, though, of course, he is only a Foulkes. Yet it is something to know he does his best to

If you are very grown-up or very clever, I daresay you will now have thought of a great many things. If you have, you need not say anything, especially if you're reading this aloud to anybody. It's no good putting in what you think in this part, because none of us thought anything of the kind at the time.

We simply stood in the road, without any of your clever thoughts-filled with shame and distress to think of what might happen owing to the dragon's teeth being sown. It was a lesson to us never to sow seeds without being quite sure what sort it is. This is particularly true of the penny packets, which sometimes do not come up at allquite unlike dragons' teeth.

Of course H. O. and Noël were more unhappy than

the rest of us. This was only fair.

"How can we possibly prevent their getting to Braidstone?" Denny said. Dickie said, "Did you notice the red cuffs on their uniforms? Taken from the bodies of dead English soldiers, I shouldn't wonder.

If they're the old Greek kind of dragon's-teeth soldiers they ought to fight each other to death," Noël 'at least, if we had a helmet to throw among

But none of us had-and it was decided that it would be no use for H. O. to go back and throw his straw hat at them, though he wanted to.

Denny said suddenly

'Couldn't we alter the sign-posts, so that they wouldn't know the way to Braidstone ?

Oswald saw that this was the time for true generalship

to be shown. He said—

"Fetch all the tools out of your chest; Dickie, go too, there's a good chap, and don't let him cut his legs with the saw." He did once, tumbling over it. "Meet us at the cross-roads—you know, where we had the Benevolent Bar. Courage and dispatch, and look sharp about it."

When they had gone we hastened to the cross-roads, and there a great idea occurred to Oswald, He used the forces at his command so ably that in a very short time the board in the field which says "No thoroughfare. Trespassers will be prosecuted" was set up in the middle of the road to Braidstone. We put stones from a heap by the road behind it to make it stand up.

Then Dickie and Denny came back, and Dickie shinned

up the sign-post and sawed off the two arms, and we nailed them up wrong, so that it said "To Braidstone" on the Dover road, and "To Dover" on the road to Braidstone. We decided to leave the Trespassers board on the real Braidstone road as an extra guard.

Then we settled to start at once to warn Braidstone. Some of us did not want the girls to go, but it would have been unkind to say so. However, there was at least one breast that felt a pang of joy when Dora and Daisy gave out that they would rather stay where they were and tell anybody who came by which was the real road.

"Because it would be so dreadful if someone was going to buy pigs or fetch a doctor or anything in a hurry and then found they had got to Dover instead of where they wanted to go! '' Dora said. But when it came to dinnertime they went home, so that they were entirely out of it.

This often happens to them. We left Martha, the bull-dog, to take care of the two girls, and the other dogs went with us. It was getting late in the day, but I am bound to remember no one said anything about their dinners, whatever they may have thought. We cannot always help our thoughts—and we happened to know it was roast rabbits and currant-jelly that day.

walked two and two, and sang the "British Grenadiers" and "Soldiers of the Queen," so as to be as much part of the British Army as possible. The cauldronman had said the English were the other side of the hill. But we could not see any scarlet anywhere, though we looked for it as carefully as if we had been fierce bulls.

But suddenly we went round a turn in the road, and came plump into a lot of soldiers, only they were not red-They were dressed in grey and silver. a sort of furzy-common place, and three roads branching out. The men were lying about with some of their belts undone, smoking pipes and cigarettes.
"It's not British soldiers," Alice said. "Oh dear,

oh dear—I'm afraid it's more enemy! You didn't sow the army-seed anywhere else, did you, H. O. dear?"

H. O. was positive he hadn't. "But perhaps lots more

H. O. was positive he hadn't. "But perhaps lots more came up there," he said; "they're all over England by now, very likely. I don't know how many men can grow out of a dragon's tooth."

Then Noël said: "It was my doing anyhow, and I'm not afraid"; and he walked straight up to the nearest soldier, who was cleaning his pipe with a piece of grass,

"Please are you the enemy?"
The man said: "No, young Commander-in-Chief; we're the English."

Then Oswald took command. "Where is the General?" he said.

"We're out of Generals just now, Field-Marshal," the man said, and his voice was a gentleman's voice. "Not a single one in stock. We might suit you in Majors, now, and Captains are quite cheap. And we have a very nice Colonel too—quiet to ride or drive."

Oswald does not mind chaff at proper times. But this was not one.

You seem to be taking it very easy," he said with

disdainful expression.
"This is an easy," said the grey soldier, sucking at his

pipe to see if it would draw.

"I suppose you don't care if the enemy gets into Braidstone or not," exclaimed Oswald bitterly. "If I were a soldier I'd rather die than be beaten."

The soldier saluted. "Good old patriotic sentiment,"

he said, smiling at the heart-felt boy. But Oswald could

Which is the Colonel?" he asked.

"Over there—near the grey horse."

"The one lighting a cigarette?" H. O. asked.

"Yes; but, I say, Kiddie, he won't stand any jaw.
He's peppery. He might kick out. You'd better bunk."

Better what?" asked H. O.

"Bunk, bottle, scoot. skip, vanish. exit." said the soldier. "That's what you'd do when the fighting begins," said H. O. He is often rude like that; but it was what we all thought, all the same. The soldier only laughed.

A spirited but hasty altercation among ourselves in whispers ended in our allowing Alice to be the one to speak to the Colonel. It was she who wanted to. "How-

ever peppery he is he won't kick a girl," she said, and perhaps this was true.

But, of course, we all went with her. So there were six of us to stand in front of the Colonel. And as we went along we agreed that we would salute him on the word "three." So when we got near Dick said "One, two, three," and we all saluted very well—except H. O., who chose that minute to trip over a rifle a soldier had left lying about. and was only saved from falling by a man in a cocked hat. who caught him deftly by the back of his jacket and stood him up on his legs.

"Let go, can't you?" said H. O. "Are you the

Before the cocked hat had time to frame a reply, Alice spoke to the Colonel. I knew what she meant to say, because she had told me as we threaded our way among the resting soldiery. What she really said was-

"Oh—how can you!"
"How can I what?" said the Colonel, rather crossly.
"Why, smoke," said Alice.

"My good children, if you're a Band of Hope let me recommend you to play in some other backyard," said the cocked-hatted man.

We're not a Band of Hope," said Noël. "We're British, and the man over there told us you are. And Braidstone's in danger, and the enemy not a mile off, and you stand smoking! Noël was standing crying himself, or something very like it.

"It's quite true," Alice said. The Colonel said "Fiddle-de-dee."

But the cocked-hatted man said, "What was the enemy We told him exactly. And then even the Colonel said

there might be something in it.

"Can you show me the place where they are on the map?" he asked.
"Not on the map, we can't," said Dickie; "at least, I don't think so; but on the ground we could. We could take you there in a quarter of an hour."

The cocked-hatted one looked at the Colonel, who returned his scrutiny; then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, we've got to do something," he said, as if to himself. "Lead on, Macduff!"

The Colonel roused his soldiery from their stupor of pipes by words of command which the present author is sorry he can't remember.

Then he bade us boys lead the way. I tell you it felt fine, marching at the head of a regiment. Alice got a lift on the cocked-hatted one's horse. It was a red-roan steed of might, exactly as if it had been in a ballad. They call a grey roan a "blue" in South Africa, the cocked-hatted

one said.

We led the British army by unfrequented lanes till we got to the gate of Sugden's Waste Wake pasture.

Then the Colonel called a whispered halt, and choosing two of us to guide him, the dauntless and discerning commander went on on foot with an orderly. He chose Denny and Oswald. So we led him to the ambush, and we went through it as quietly as we could. But twigs do crackle and snap so when you are reconnoitring, or anxious to escape detection, for whatever reason.

Our Colonel's orderly crackled most. If you're not near enough to tell a Colonel by the crown and stars on his shoulder-strap, you can tell him by the orderly behind

his shoulder-strap, you can ten min by the shoulder-strap, you can ten min by the shoulder in him, like "follow my leader."

"Look out!" said Oswald in a low but commanding whisper. "The camp's down in that field. You can see if you take a squint through this gap."

The speaker took a squint himself as he spoke, and hard haffled beyond the power of speech. While he can be a speaker took a squint himself as he spoke.

drew back, baffled beyond the power of speech. While he was struggling with his baffledness the British Colonel his squint. He also drew back, and said a word that he must have known was not right, at least when he

"I don't care," said Oswald; "they were there this morning. White tents like mushrooms, and an enemy cleaning a cauldron."

"With sand," said Denny.
"That's most convincing," said the Colonel. And I

did not like the way he said it.
"I say," Oswald said, "let's get to the top corner of
the ambush—the woods, I mean. You can see the crossroads from there."

We did-and quickly, for the crackling of branches no longer dismayed our almost despairing spirits.

We came to the edge of the wood, and Oswald's patriotic heart really did give a jump, and he cried, "There they are—on the Dover road."

Our miscellaneous signboard had done its work.

"By Jove, young 'un. you're right. And in quarter column too. We've got 'em on toast. On toast, egad!"

I never heard anyone not in a book say "egad"

before-so I saw something really out-of-the-way was

The Colonel was a man of prompt and decisive action. He sent the orderly to tell the Major to advance two

companies on the left flank and take cover. Then we led him back through the wood the nearest way because he said he must rejoin the main body at once. We found the main body very friendly with Noël and H. O. and the others, and Alice was talking to the cocked-hatted one as if she

The Colonel fussed about and said: "Take cover there!" and everybody hid in the ditch, and the horses and the cocked hat, with Alice, retreated down the road out of sight. We were in the ditch too. It was muddy but nobody thought of their boots in that perilous moment. It seemed a long time we were crouching there. Oswald laid his car to the road, like a Red Indian. His backwoods laid his car to the road, like a Red Indian. His backwoods strategy was successful. He rose and brushed the dust off himself and said—

"They're coming!"

It was true. The footsteps of the approaching foe were now to be heard quite audibly even by cars in their natural position. The wicked enemy approached. were marching with a careless swaggeriness that showed how little they suspected the horrible doom which was about to teach them England's might and supremeness. Just as the enemy turned the corner, so that we could see them. the Colonicl shouted-

"Right section-fire!" And there was a deafening banging.

The enemy's officer said something, and then the

military hand on Oswald's shoulder, and said, "This is my chief scout," which were high words, but not undeserved, and Oswald owns he felt red with gratifying pride when he heard them.

'So you are the traitor, young man," said the wicked Colonel, going on with his cheek.

Oswald bore it because our Colonel had, and you should be generous to a fallen foe, but it is hard to be called a

traitor when you haven't.

He did not treat the wicked Colonel with silent scorn as he might have done, but he said—

"We aren't traitors. We are the Bastables and one of us is a Foulkes. We only mingled unsuspected with the enemy's soldiery and learned the secret of their acts, which is wheth the dear beautiful and the secret of their acts. which is what Baden-Powell always does when the natives rebel in South Africa; and Denny thought of altering the sign-posts to lead the foe astray. And if we did cause all this fighting, and get Braidstone threatened with capture and all that, it was only because we didn't believe Greek things could happen in Great Britain and Ireland, even if you sow dragon's teeth; and, besides, some of us were not asked about sowing them.

Then the cocked-hatted one led his horse and walked with us and made us tell him all about it, and so did the Colonel. The wicked Colonel listened too, which was only another proof of his cheek.

And Oswald told the tale, in the modest yet manly way

feeling of justice which is part of his young character, "it

was the others just as much as me."

"Your sentiments, Sir," said the Colonel, who was one of the politest and most discerning Colonels I ever saw—
"your sentiments do you honour. But, Bastables all, and—and non-Bastables" (he couldn't remember Foulkes it's not such an interesting name as Bastable, of course), "at least, you'll accept a soldier's pay?

"Lucky to touch it, a shilling a day!" Alice and Denny said altogether. And the cocked-hatted man said something about knowing your own mind and knowing

your Kipling.

"A soldier," said the Colonel, "would certainly be lucky to touch it. You see, there are deductions for rations. Five shillings is exactly right: deducting twopence each for six teas.

Oswald took the five shillings then, there being no

longer any scruples why he should not.

Just as we had parted from the brave Colonel and the rest we saw a bicycle coming. It was Albert's uncle. He

got off and said—
"What on earth have you been up to? What were you doing with those Volunteers?"

We told him the wild adventures of the day, and he listened, and then he said he would withdraw the word Volunteers if we liked.

But the seeds of doubt were sown in the breast of



"By Jove, young 'un, you're right. .Ind in quarter - column too."

enemy got confused and tried to get into the fields through the hedges. But all was vain. There was firing now from our men, on the left as well as the right. And then our Colonel strode nobly up to the enemy's Colonel and demanded surrender. He told me so afterwards. His exact words are only known to himself and the other Colonel. But the enemy's Colonel said, "I would rather die than surrender!" or words to that effect.

Our Colonel returned to his men and gave the order to fix bayonets, and even Oswald felt his manly cheek turn pale at the thought of the amount of blood about to be shed. What would have happened can never now be revealed. For at this moment a man on a piebald horse came clattering over a hedge, as carelessly as if the air was not full of lead and steel at all. Another man rode behind him with a lance and a red pennon on it. I think he must have been the enemy's General coming to tell his men not to throw away their lives on a forlorn hope, for directly he said they were captured the enemy gave in and owned that they were. The enemy's Colonel saluted, and ordered his men to form quarter-column again. I should have thought he would have had about

chough of quarter-column, myself.

He had now given up all thought of sullen resistance to the bitter end. He rolled a cigarette for himself, and had the foreign cheek to say to our Colonel—

"By Jove, old man, you got me clean that time! Your scouts seem to have marked us down uncommonly neatly." It was a proud moment when our Coloncl laid his that some people think he has. His narration was interrupted no less than four times by shouts of "Bravo!"—in which the enemy's Colonel once more showed his cheek In which the enemy's Colonel once more showed his cheek by joining. By the time the story was told we were in sight of another camp. It was the British one this time. The Colonel asked us to have tea in his tent, and it only shows the magnanimosity of English chivalry in the field of battle, that he asked the enemy's Colonel too. With his usual cheek he accepted. We were jolly hungry.

When everyone had had as much tea as they possibly could, the Colonel shook hands with us all, and to Oswald

"Well, good-bye, my brave scout. I must mention your name in my despatches to the War Office." H. O. interrupted him to say: "His name's Oswald Cecil Bastable and mine is Horace Octavius." H. O. would learn to hold his tongue. No one ever knows Oswald was christened Cecil as well, if he can possibly help

You didn't know it till now.
"Mr. Oswald Bastable," the Colonel went on—he had the decency not to take any notice of the "Cecil"—" you would be a credit to any regiment. No doubt the War Office will reward you properly for what you have done for your country. But meantime, perhaps you'll accept five shillings from a grateful comrade in arms."

Oswald was heart-feltly sorry to wound the good Colonel's feelings; but he had to remark that he had only done his duty, and he was sure no British scout would take five bob for doing that. "And besides," he said, with that

He was now almost sure that we had made jolly fools of ourselves without a moment's pause throughout the whole of this eventful day. He said nothing at the time, but after supper he had it out with Albert's uncle about the word which had been withdrawn.

Albert's uncle said of course no one could be sure that

the dragon's teeth hadn't come up in the good old-fashioned way; but that, on the other hand, it was barely possible that both the British and the enemy were only Volunteers having a field-day or sham-fight, and he rather thought the cocked-hatted man was not a General but a doctor. And the man with a red pennon carried behind him might

have been the umpire Oswald never told the others a word of this. Their young breasts were all panting with joy because they had saved their country; and it would have been but heartless unkindness to show them how silly they had been. Besides, Oswald felt he was much too old to have been so taken in — if he had been. Besides. Albert's uncle did say that no one could be sure about the dragon's teeth.

The thing that makes Oswald feel most that perhaps the whole thing was a beastly sell was that we didn't see any wounded. But he tries not to think of this. And if any wounded. But he tries not to think of this. And if he goes into the Army when he grows up, he will not go quite green. He has had experience of the arts of war and the tented field. And a real Colonel has called him "Comrade in Arms," which is exactly what Lord Roberts called his own soldiers when he wrote home about them.



THE "STAR-FISH" CONDUCTING EXPERIMENTS IN THE DESTRUCTION OF SUBMARINES BEFORE THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY.

I nawn by our Special Aptier, Mr. F. T. Jane.

The Lords of the Admirally were shown how it is proposed to destroy submarines at the Partsmenth Torpido School on Wednesday of last week. An outrigged torpido was fastened to a boom projecting from the side of the destroyer "Starfish," and exploded under a schweyd cash, representing the submarine. The loom was splintered by the shock and the cash blown to atoms.



THE VIADUCT, 125th STREET, NEW YORK CITY. The spiral roadway at the far end of the bridge has been introduced to obviate a violent incline.



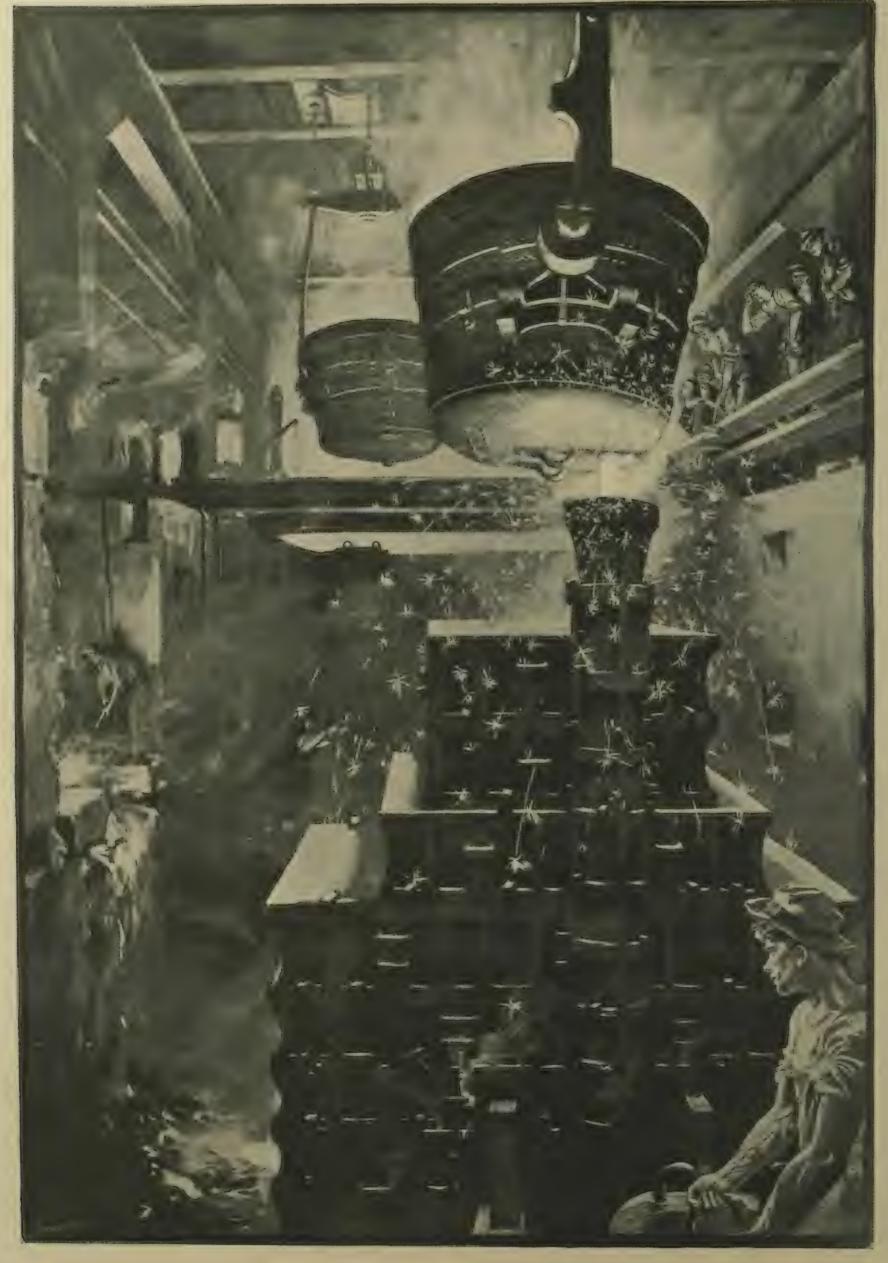
A TIMBER-FLUME IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The flumes, which are used to float logs and hewn timber from the mountain tops to the saw-mills, are fed by the mountain torrents, and are in some cases between three and four mile. The flumes, which are used to float logs and hewn timber from the mountain tops to the saw-mills, are fed by the mountain torrents, and are in some cases between three and four mile.

The lumber-men, after their week's work in camp, save a teatous journey by constructing a rough wooden skiff and using the waterway, travelling at times at the rate of a mile a minute.

A guff is used as a brake.

THE GREAT STEEL COMBINE.



CASTING AN ARMOUR-PLATE INGOT AT SAN FRANCISCO UNION WORKS.

T H E R O Y A L O P E R A.



Otello: Signor Tamagno.

Iago: Signor Scotti.



THE LIVINGSTONE EXHIBITION AT THE WESTMINSTER TOWN HALL:

THE TREE UNDER WHICH THE EXPLORER'S HEART WAS BURIED.

The tree, which grew at Old Chitambo, was cut down at the instance of Mr. Weatherley, and will be deposited with the Royal Geographical Society.



Photo. Coleman, Darlington

THE RUSKIN MONUMENT IN CONISTON CHURCHYARD.

The cross is of the hard green stone of Coniston, supplied from the quarries of Tiberthwaite. On the side facing the grave and looking east is a figure with a lyre, symbolical of Mr. Ruskin's earliest works—poems and the "Poetry of Architecture." Above is the Lion of St. Mark, representing the "Stones of Venice," and the candlestick of the Tabernacle for his "Seven Lamps."





MR. BRODRICK UNVEILING THE MEMORIAL TO FALLEN CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS (OF THE QUEEN'S WESTMINSTERS) IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON JUNE 22.



LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Our Friend the Charlatan, By George Gissing. (London: Chapman and Hall, 6s.

Hall. 68.
The White Cottage. By Zack. (London: Constable. 68.
The Good Red Earth. By Eden Philpotts. (Bristol: Arrowsmith. London: Simpkin, Mushall 38.63.
Eabert Annys: Poor Priest. A Tale of the Great Uprising. By Annie Nathan Meyer. (New York and London: Macmillan. 68.)
Immenia: Travels and Studies. By H. F. B. Lynch. Two vols. (London: Longmans, Green. 428.
The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. (London: Macmillan. 68.)
The Dear Road of John Stuart Wachie. Selected and Trans ribed from the

The Day-Rook of John Stuart Blacker. S lected and Trans ribed from the Manuscript by his Nephew, Archibald Stodart-Walker. (London: Grant Richards. 68

China and the Allies. By A. H. Savage Landor. Two vols. (London: Hein mann. 308.

Mr. George Gissing has written many powerful and uncomfortable books. "Our Friend the Charlatan" is not the least striking of the series. In one way it is the most uncomfortable, because the author, who is a subtle satirist, contrives to hint on nearly every page a subtle saturist, contrives to finit on nearly every page that the exceedingly disagreeable people whom he introduces to us are typical of a rotten society. In Mr. Gissing's judgment we are mostly barbarians. This is less uncomplimentary than ('arlyle's famous dictum, and not more accurate. Two of Mr. Gissing's characters are not barbarians. One is a poor nobleman, with fine instincts but no force, who has no estate save a finally segure up his converge to follow. farm in Kent, and finally screws up his courage to follow example is not very stimulating. The other character is a parson, who has reached the conclusion that Christianity, in which as a doctrine he does not believe, has failed to conquer the heart of the world. Personally, he is benevolent, and muddles his parish accounts. That is all the comfort Mr. Gissing has to give us. There are five women in the book. One is an unscrupulous tyrant, another is coldly ambitious, the third is an ironical mischief-maker, the Candide's maxim, "Let us cultivate our garden." ambitions, the third is an ironical mischief-maker, the fourth is a heartless prig, and the fifth a hysterical fool. The charlatan, Dyce Lashmar, represents Mr. Gissing's observation of pushing manhood. He steals a sociological theory from a French book, passes it off as his own, and on the strength of it obtains, for a time, the good graces of a wealthy, domineering woman and a passport to the fringe of popularity. Lashmar is ably drawn; but why does Mr. Gissing suppose that it is necessary for an adventurer to pretend that a theory is his own? No

Zack is the lady who wrote a story called "Life is of brutal realism. Zack has now subdued her realism to a more respectable commonplace. "The White Cottage" is the extremely familiar story of the disreputable but virile wooer, who carries off the damsel from the virtuous and even religious young man. The disreputable wooer has a wife already, but does not hesitate to commit bigamy, for which he gets "five years." His first wife dies, and when he comes out of gaol he has no difficulty in persuading the other lady to overlook his transgression. Zack has told this story with some freshness, and the character of the first wife has clever touches. The author has probably read "Pierre et Jean," not without profit. If all our bud-ding realists would be at the pains to study Maupassant they might acquire some of his simplicity and directness, without venturing to aspire to his uncompromising vision.

politician makes any such pretence, and a man of Lashmar's shrewdness would not fall into such an error. This weakens

the fabric of the story not a little; but it is written with force and insight, and once Mr. Gissing's somewhat prosaic method has laid hold of the reader, it does not lose its grip.

"The Good Red Earth" is no other than the good red earth of Devon, sacred to all English hearts for the memories of its heroes. But in Mr. Eden Philpotts' book we do not move in those "spacious times," for the jackdaws hold possession of the fern-covered ruins of compton Castle, where the ancient family of the Gilberts flourished, along with the aged caretaker, Thomasin Hatherley. All the adventures are those of Sibella Hatherley's fortune, or rather of the documents which eventually disclose her birth; while to complete this change, the descendants of the adventurous Sir Humphrey Gilbert dwell peacefully at the Orchard Farm. A natural figure in this rural quietness is Johnny Fortnight, the pedlar, otherwise Mr. Alpheus Newte, who, moreover, manages to produce more stir than his vocation would at first warrant. If, in the employment of his wide tact, ready humour, and native shrewdness, Richard Gilbert is not a very worthy proof that West-country qualities need not crumble with the walls of the old manor-house, he at any rate shows himself a true representative of his famous name. Throughout, the reader will find that the good red earth is still fertile, and that no comparison with the past can make the tale dull.

In "Robert Annys: Poor Priest, a Tale of the Great Uprising," we see once more the vision of Piers Plowman; on the vision of Fiers Flowman; and listen, according to the writer's candid confession, to John Ball as we have heard him before in William Morris's "A Dream of John Ball." The book bears evidence, indeed, of "many years of close reading"; and if there be something lacking in the simulation, it is scarcely to be held a wonder, for to catch the Zeitgeist of an age so tragically complex and so remote is no easy task. The subject historically is one that, represented under any sympathetic hand, must command more than a passing thought; for Robert Annys, standing in the proud minster of Ely, torn between the cer-tainty of a bishop's palace and the strains of "Jack Millar asketh help to turn his mill aright," instinctively carries one forward to a yet greater uprising. In Hugo Stott we recognise the jolly Pardoner of another tale, and in Richard Meryl we see the Plowman, who-

Wolde thresshe and thereto dyke and delve, for Criste's . withouten hire.

Yet the interest of the book is not entirely borrowed, for none the less do we willingly follow the tall, thin figure of the russet priest, bending under the weight of his own agonised conscience that cannot answer the question. Should a priest marry?

In the last few years we have heard much about Armenia and the Armenians: the fate of the people has shocked the conscience, and the fate of the country troubled the Chancelleries, of Europe. We have been asked to take sides without knowledge, to deal with the ultimate fate of the land and its inhabitants as though the question were a simple one free from side issues. For the future, we shall be delivered from most of the difficulties attending the discussion of Armenia and Armenian affairs. Mr. H. F. B. Lynch's volumes form an almost complete record of the country in its varied geographical, social, and political aspects. It is permissible to turn, in the first place, to consideration of the books themselves, and congratulate all concerned upon the excellence of the illustrations, the clearness of the type, the useful maps, and valuable indices and references. The books embrace the labours of the traveller, the historian, and the student of affairs, and Mr. Lynch writes with a fluent pen. Before the second volume is taken up, the reader has learned to grasp something of the vast problem that confronts ruler and ruled in Armenia; he realises the many sides from which it must be approached. Armenia is a country where different sects of Christians and Mussulmans must live side by side; where some of the wandering Kurdish tribes must be Ishmaelites all their days, willing or unwilling; where Russia is pressing forward steadily for purposes of territorial expansion, and Turkey wavers between procedure that is comparatively constitutional and mad bursts of passion in the form of wholesale massacre, produced by the enemies of the Armenians, who whisper in the Yildiz Kiosk of plots and plans to restore the Armenian kingdom as of old. Russia and Turkey control Armenia between them. In Russian Armenia the Kurds are kept under control, and the Armenian enjoys comparative liberty; but though his body is free, his mind is fettered. The



YUSUF BEY OF KÖSHK.

Reduced Illustration from "Armenia: Travels and Studies." Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.

worst features of Russian rule are in evidence: the Government is determined to crush his faith and hopes, and reduce him to the level of the moujik. Turkey, on the other hand, permits freedom of conscience to all her subjects—in this connection Mr. Lynch pays a well-deserved tribute to Sultan Abdul Hamid—and the Armenians care more for Turkey, despite massacres, than for Russia, which is bent on reducing them to the level of her lowest tributary races, that they may become a force in the accomplishment of Russian schemes. The Kurds, many of them being the non-orthodox Kizilbash, have done Russia good service by ravaging the Armenian plateau; and the Turkish Sultan's endeavour to restrain these men by enrolling them in the army, and forming from their ranks the notorious Hamidiyeh Cavalry, has not met with success. It was a clever and statesmanlike move, not the less, and shows how the Sultan recognises the danger of inactivity. Who can see the way out of the troubles that beset a country of mixed people, varied faiths, and different physical conditions? The Mussulmans prey upon the Armenians, and the Kurds upon the orthodox Mussulmans. Turkey is perplexed; Russia has moved within striking distance of Erzerum, whose possession would close the Black Sea to Persian trade. No Power cares to handle the problem, though Great Britain and Germany are closely concerned in its settlement. For all who are interested in a country and a question destined to play a great part in European development, Mr. Lynch's volumes may be recommended with confidence. If they do not help to solve the questions, they enable us to approach them with under-

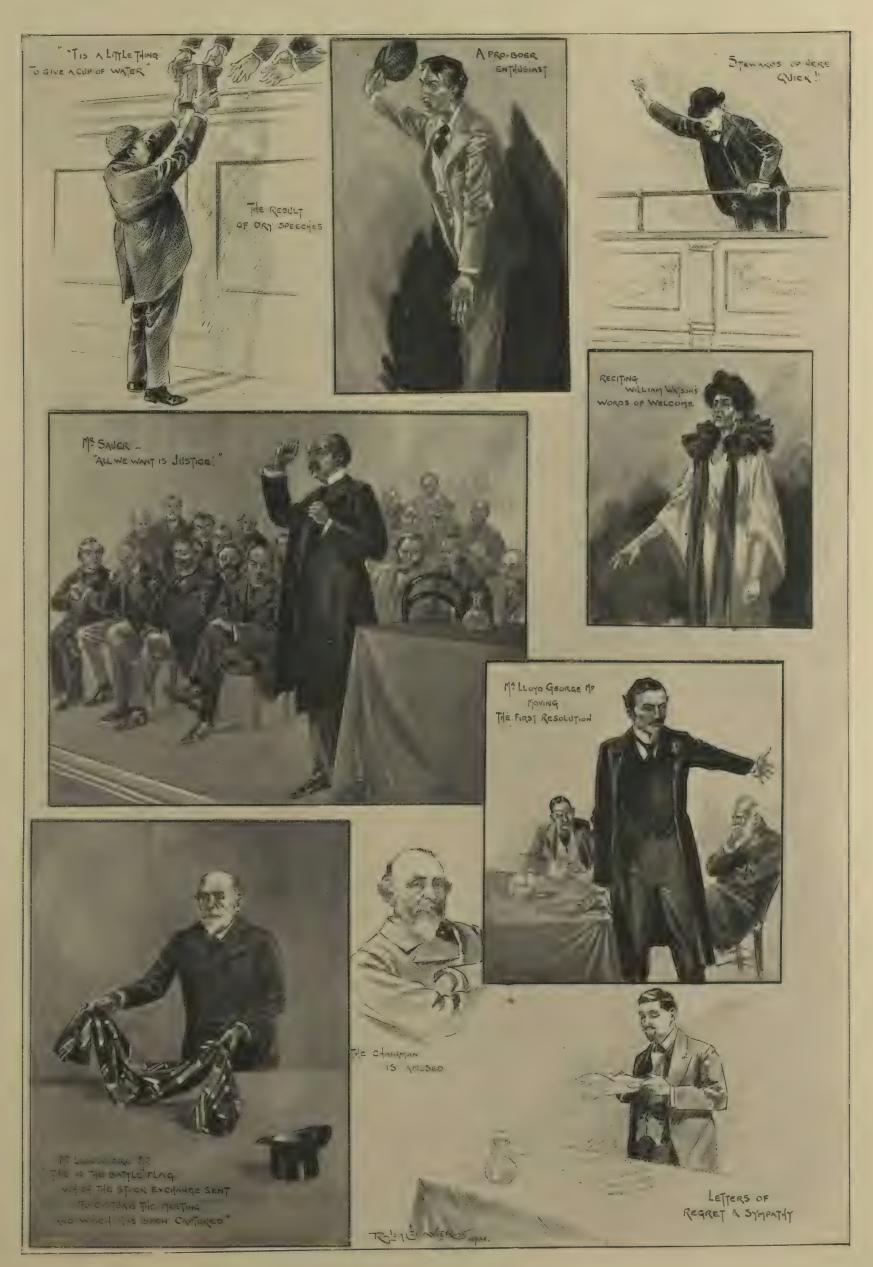
Mr. Winston Churchill (the other Mr. Churchill, author of "Richard Carvel") is to be congratulated on his new work, "The Crisis," a story of the American Civil War. Spite of many errors of construction and of sentiment, and without any style to commend it, it is nevertheless a good and stirring novel, which we, as well as all good Americans, can read with much entertainment and with sympathy. The story is laid chiefly in St. Louis (the author's birthplace, by the way), and for his choice of a scene

Mr. Churchill makes a gallant apology. The old city had become the principal meeting-place of the two great streams of emigration, Puritan and Royalist, which had been separated, more or less, since Cronwell's day. Then there was the German element in it which played a historic part in its struggle. Grant and Sherman lived in St. Louis before the war, and Abraham Lincoln was an unknown lawyer in the war, and Abraham Eincoln was an unknown lawyer in the neighbouring State of Illinois. In his native city, thus, the author had to his hand the materials for a story of the most stirring period of his country's history. We could not, an we would, outline here Mr. Churchill's plot. Enough to say that Stephen Brice is a good working hero, who somewhere about the five hundredth page wins Virginia—"Jinny"—a charming heroine entirely worthy of him; that "Jinny" has a circle of interesting and a father the ("clouel, who takes amusing friends, and a father, the Colonel, who takes and keeps our admiration; and that the novel is crowded with other characters—Eliphalet Hopper, Judge Whipple, Captain Lige, and Richter, the most strongly marked of them—who fix themselves in the memory. There is another element in the book, however, from which it derives its weakness quite as much as its strength. It will have been understood that the war is closely followed in some of its incidents. As a matter of fact, Grant and Sherman are frequently introduced as characters in the story, and Lincoln is its real hero. It is in the handling of these historic personages that Mr. Churchill breaks down. He succeeds in holding the balance very evenly between North and South, and he pictures with considerable vividness the inevitable uses of the struggle the event to which it was a contact ness of the struggle, the extent to which it was a contest of qualities in the blood. But in presenting to us actual persons he fails, and in the case of Lincoln fails rather lamentably. The chapter entitled "The Man of Sorrows" is stupid, and is, in addition, a lapse from good taste.

The "Day-Book" of John Stuart Blackie reveals the Professor to us in those years of retirement after his withdrawal from Edinburgh University in 1882, and thus the thoughts are valuable to us as his own characteristic adaptation of a life's hoard of intellectual research and the evidences of a long experience, with now and again an unmistakable gleam of John Stuart Blackie. These reflections, we are told, were written with no conceived object of publication, but were noted down according to be be a continuous and octoor of the continuous and octoor of the continuous and octoor of the continuous and octoor occurrence in the least of the continuous and octoor occurrence in the least of the continuous and octoor occurrence in the least of the continuous and octoor occurrence in the least occurrence in a habit of the septuagenarian and octogenarian philosopher just as they occurred to him. Relying, however, on their impersonal character, his nephew has not hesitated to undertake the responsibility of publishing them without any attempt to "edit" or modify their original constructhe passages are not in the least fragmentary, for those that consist of but two or three lines are perfectly rounded aphorisms, expressed often in verse, while many of them are elaborated to a considerable extent. They have been reduced to order by the transcriber, according to that continuity of thought which may be found in the evolution that underlies all social and moral development. If anything in the nature of confessions does appear, it is in the first division, the "Litania Nigelli," where the author says, Good Lord deliver me, from "denying the God that created me" and from "three kinds of weather—from a Scotch spring that smells like winter, from an Egyptian summer that glows like a furnace, and from a rainy day in Skye." When we enter, in the next part, the realm of theology, Professor Blackie sets universal truth against all creeds and dogmas. As we proceed to morals and general philosophy, we see the same broad, clear perception, and the dislike of all things unreal; while his remarks on life, men and women, on literature and criticism, and lastly on politics that are not in the least party again show that justness and fearlessness of least party, again show that justness and fearlessness of opinion which carries with it no trace of unkindness. Through all, we can scarcely fail to grasp the point urged as so necessary to a right understanding of the "Day-Book"—the essential purity of Blackie's character.

In "China and the Allies" Mr. Savage Landor renders a very graphic account of the events which culminated in the siege of the Legations, of the expeditions for their relief, and the subsequent proceedings of the armies in Peking. The author appears to have accompanied the troops in an independent capacity, but he enjoyed ample opportunity of gathering information, forming impressions in the camps of troops of all nationalities, and also of meeting his death from Chinese bullets. The story of the siege has been told before at first hand, but Mr. Landor's account, compiled from particulars furnished by men who went through it, is lucid and considering the story of t vincing. Less familiar, and therefore more welcome, is the story of the splendid defence of their cathedral by the Catholic missionaries and native converts under Bishop Favier—a wonderful achievement. However difficult com-bined diplomatic action in China may be, the combined military operations, save on one occasion, were conducted with smoothness and harmony. Men of all nationalities pulled well together, and even when Tientsin was handed over to the Allied troops, for twenty-four hours, looting was carried on without quarrelling. The chapters on this incident are curious studies in character. The Japanese soldier went to work like a connoisseur in art, carefully soldier went to work like a connoisseur in art, carefully replacing old china if he did not want it; the Briton, failing bar gold and lump silver, preferred silks and articles of personal adornment with an eve to his womankind at home; the Frenchman looted "almost apologetically" displaying a taste for old cotton clothes and for eatables. The Russian looted like a bull in a china shop, and revelled in destruction; a musical-box being the only thing that appealed to what finer feelings he possesses. If any further light were desired concerning the complicity of the Chinese imperial military authorities and the Boxers, the documents found in the Viceroy's and the Boxers, the documents found in the Viceroy's Yamen at Tientsin would supply it; but we hardly need the evidence forthcoming in Chinese Colonels' receipts for rewards for service in the field against us. Mr. Savage Landor is no apologist for the Chinese; but he fully shares the view held by all sensible men concerning the employment of young white women as missionaries. commendably free from egotism and from that sensational element which marred the author's last work; but some of the photographs of corpses might well have been omitted when he made a selection of pictures for the book.

THE PRO-BOER MEETING AT THE QUEEN'S HALL ON JUNE 19.



ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Practically, the full results of the recent census in France are now known. It would appear from the report of M. Bertillon, of which I have seen only excerpts, that the whole of the increase of the population during the last five years over French territory proper amounts to less than half a million of souls—to be accurate, 330,000 inhabitants. Of this increase 292,000 is due to the Department of the Seine—in other words, to the home county, and 177,234 of the latter number to the capital itself as contained within the fortifications. The rest of France has an augmentation of 38,000 souls. If modern students of social and political economy are right, that increase may be likened in its consultance of the figure of solatory effect to the increase of half-a-crown per annum solutory effect to the merease of nair-a-crown per annum given to a certain City clerk by his curmudgeon employer. I am, however, less concerned in this instance with the stationary condition of the French provinces, urban and rural, than with the virtually artificial increase of the French capital, which, in spite of everything that may be advanced to the contrary, constitutes, as an isolated fact, a kind of danger to France at large and to her foremest city. I say artificial, because those apparently gratifying figures are not due to the prolificness of the Parisians, but to the inroads of foreigners and provincials. I will therefore leave M. Bertillon's statistics alone, and consult my own notes in order to make good my statement.

The components of the various foreign colonies in Paris may be roughly divided into two sections-namely, those who have taken up their nominally permanent residence there for the sake of amusement, and who derive their incomes from their original homes and spend it in what, even under the present circumstances, is still the most attractive city of the civilised globe; the other section being located there for the purpose of business and making noney. Both these sections consist mainly of law-abiding, paceful people, exceedingly careful in their behaviour, and rarely, if ever, meddling with French home politics, and entirely effacing themselves when some knotty question crops up between their Governments and that of the Third Republic. There are no potential Marats or Clootzes among them, even if one or all took it into their heads to become naturalised. M. Max Regis is a naturalised Italian; but were he to operate in France herself instead of in Algeria, he would soon find his level. The late Victor Cherbuliez and the living M. Edouard Rod, Swiss by birth, like the victim of Cherbutte Corday, have never departed from their literary with a well if on withing have been useful authorities have paths, and, if anything, have been nseful rather than harmful to France. The venerable Sir Edward Blount, during his many years of residence, never impinged by a nail's breadth upon the domain of politics. The Commune of Paris of 1790, which disappeared after the fall of Robespierre, contained thirty - four foreigners. The Paris Municipality, which is its present equivalent, does not contain more than two or three, who have virtually become Frenchmen through the process of naturalisation. were not half-a-dozen foreigners implicated in the Commune of 1871. The alien may therefore be safely dismissed at present as an unimportant quantity as far as revolutionary mischief is concerned. There are, no doubt, some Anarchists and Nihilists skulking in the poor quarters of Paris, and barely keeping body and soul together by giving lessons in languages, pending the opportunity for wholesale destructions where the property of the pr tion which may never come again; but if it ever comes, the French provincials, and not those aliens, will have been the instigators. It is the Dead Sea fruit from the provinces that is attracted to Paris, like Robespierre in 1789; for in spite of the whitewashers of the wonderful Maximilien, he was nothing less than a failure at the Bar of his native town, Arras, before he undertook that memorable journey to the French royal residence whence he never returned.

The probability of another period of wholesale destruction and anarchy being set aside, there remains the possibility of another revolution. But for a couple of untoward circumstances, the evening of Felix Faure's funeral might have witnessed such a spectacle. And the fact of Paul Déroulède being not only a Parisian by birth, but a Parisian of the third generation, may, in connection with such a revolution, be considered absolutely phenomenal. The Parisian proper, whether of the first, second, or third generation, does not like revolutions: whenever he participates in them, he is absolutely dragged in. Michelet has proved conclusively that after the compulsory flight of Henri III. (May 12, 1588), and the Journée des Barricades during the Regency of Anne of Austria (Aug. 27, 1648), not a third of the Paris population rallied to either of the insurgent chiefs. Personally, I did not want the great historian's statement to be convinced of the fact. The memoirs left by real Parisians prove to me beyond a doubt that they detest By reason of their numerical inferiority-for revolutions. By reason of their numerical interiority—for the immigration of provincials is not a new feature—they the Parisians, stand by and submit; for they have little strength of will, and are likely to be swayed hither and hither, much like a straw in a gust of wind, by this or that mob-orator who, like Camille Desmoulins, has come from the country "to set the Seine on fire." tiger," Voltaire is supposed to have called the population of Paris after the horrible execution of Damieus, whom historians describe as a regicide, though he neither killed nor intended to kill Louis XV. What Voltaire really did say was that Paris was inhabited by tigers goaded by apes; and to him the provincial stood for the tiger and the Parisian for the ape.

The police reports on the state of public opinion during the Great Revolution make it clear beyond a doubt that the excesses committed in its name were submitted to rather than accepted by Paris—at any rate, at the beginning of that upheaval. There were less than 550,000 inhabitants in all, and of these not one-third were Parisians born. Amongst the men who made the Revolution of Sept. 4 there were not three Parisians; the rest were provincials. And as far as the latter go, Napoleon I. said that he would sooner deal with them on their own ground, rather than let them loose among the "inflammable Parisians Napoleon I. was not a bad judge of men.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

Communications for this experiment, social which at present you alone have discovered. This is a very ample revenge for No. 29-0.

Rev. G. A. Meares.—We do not know the New York address, but, in any case, a letter post of to the London office would reach us quicker.

M. Whittischam (Twickenham).—Your problem shall be examined.

M Whittingham (Twickenham).—Your problem shall be examined.

Correct Solutions of Problems No. 2976 and 2977 received from Iere (Trinidad); of No. 2978 from J C Kemp (Toronto) and Walter St. Chair Lord (Santa Barbara, California); of No. 2979 from Charles Field junio (Athol, Ma.s.) and Rev. A de R Meares (Baltimore); of No. 2989 from Emile Frau (Lyons), A G Bagot (Doblin), C E Perugini, F A Walsh (Oxford), W H Bo n (Worthing), and J Bailey (Newark); of No. 2981 from Captain J A Challice (Great Yormouth), F A Walsh (Oxford), J Bailey (Newark), Hereward, Emile Frau (Lyons), AC von Ernsthausen (Oxford), Frank Strubsole (Faversham), W H Bohn (Worthing), Elward M Fyson (Higham), M A Eyre (Folkestone), Clement C Danby, C E H (Clitton), Albest Wolff (Putney), and J A S Hanbury (Birmingham).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2982 received from the Rev. A M ys (Bedford), Martin F, C E Perugini, C E H (Clitton), Emile F. au (Lyons), Edith Corser (Reigate), Henry A Donovan (Listowel), Reginald Gordon, R Worters (Canterbury), E J Winter-Wood, and F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells).

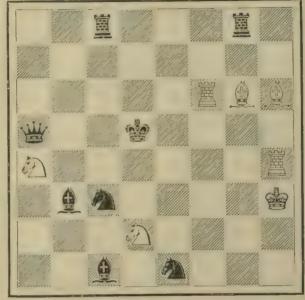
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2981.-By J. S. Boyd.

WHITE.

1. R to R 4th
2. B to Q 2nd
3. Kt, B, or R mates,

1f Black play 1, P to Kt 4th, 2, B to B 3rd (ch); and if 1, K to Q 5th, then 2, B to Q 2nd (dis. ch), etc. BLACK.
Pt Kt 5th or K to B 5.h
Any move

PROBLEM No. 2984 .-- Br Sorrento. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND Game played in the Scottish Championship Tourney between Dr. McDonald and Mr. D. Y. Mills.

P to Q B 4th Kt to Q B 3rd P takes P P to K 4th Kt to K B 3rd P to Q 4th Kt takes P Kt to B 3rd would appear to 0 to 0
5. Q. Kt to B 3rd
6. B to K 3rd
7. B to K 2nd
8. Castles
9. P to K R 3rd
10. Q to Q 2nd
11. Kt to Kt 3rd
12. B to K R 6th
13. Q. R to Q so
14. B takes B P to K Kt 3rd
B to Kt 2rd
Castles
P to Q 3rd
B to Q 2rd
Q to B 4th
Q to B 2rd
Q R to Q sq
B to K 3rd

WHITE (Dr. McD.) BLACK (Mr. M.)

It is nearly always good thus to ex-change Bishops when the King has Castled.

14. 15. Kt to Q 5th 16. P takes B 17. P to K B 4th 18. Q to Q 4th 19. P to B 4th

WHITE (Dr. McD.)
20. K to R sq
21. Kt to Q 2nd
22. P to Q Kt 4th
23. B to B 3rd
24. K R to K sq
25. Kt to K 3rd
26. R to Q B sq
27. P tks P (en pass)
28. R takes R
29. Q to Q 3rd
30. Kt to Q 4th
31. Q to K 3id
Two Pawns are thre BLACK (Mr. M.)

Kt to Bt sq
Q Kt to Q 2nd
P to Q Kt 3rd
K R to K sq
R to Q B sq
P to K 4th
R takes P
P take: R

Kt to B sq
P to Q 4th ve 38, and 80 dec impionship in favoi B to K and Q to K 5th P takes Q R takes P B takes R K to Kt sq K to B 2nd B takes Kt P to K 6th (ch)

WHITE (Dr. McD.) BLACK (Mr. M.)

CHESS IN AMERICA Game played by correspondence between Messrs. J. W. Cowles and E. P. Updegraff.

P to K 4th
rd Kt to Q B 3rd
B to B 4th
Kt to B 3rd WHITE (Mr. C.) 1. P to K 4th 2. Kt to K B 3rd 3. B to B 4th 1. P to B 3rd

Most players continue here P to Q 4th or White, and numerous interesting aniations arise therefrom, White remaining with a good attack in nearly every

P to Q 4th P takes P P to K 5th P takes P

P to Q 3rd P takes P B to Kt 3rd P takes P Kt to K Kt 5th Castles

12. B takes Kt P takes B WHITE (Mr. C.) BLACK (Mr. U.) akes B Q R 3rd Kt 5th

28. Q to B 4th 29. R to B 3rd Q to Kt 4th 50. R to Q 8th 31. Kt to B 7th (ch) 32. R takes R (ch) R to Kt sq Resigns.

Mindfold Chess (Morgan's Shilling Chess Library).—There is nothing special in blindfoll chess, except when it is the product of an exceptional genius like Mr. Blackburne; but such games always have an interest, because of the conditions under which they are played. This collection of about fifty games is fairly representative in character, but it would have gained in usefulness if the notation had been better arranged.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all Sketches and Photo-GRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

It might not be thought that the organs of medical science dealt with topics that commend themselves to the lay mind, or attract the non-professional understanding, but closer acquaintance with the facts of the case reveals the interesting feature that a good deal of sound sense can often be extracted by the layman from the pages of the journals in question. I have a friend who religiously purchases a leading medical paper every Saturday. He is by profession "something in the City." He has no predilections in the way of amateur doctoring, and if he had, he is not likely to obtain much assistance in that direction from the pages in question. He is not a scientifically inclined person even, but he tells me he enjoys reading the journal in the extreme. He does not concern himself with reports of cases or of operations, but extracts his mental nutriment from sundry pages which the journal devotes to annotations on things in general, and medical things in particular.

I agree with my friend that in the pages in question one finds a good many highly interesting items that the one finds a good many highly interesting items that the man in the street might well pender over by way of educating himself in the elements of hygiene. The other day my contemporary, if so I may term the medical journal in question, contained a paragraph which appeared to me as calculated to appeal very forcibly to a large section of men, and of women also. The annotation dealt with the indigestion of loneliness. The title alone is sufficient to attract notice, but the subject itself is not only interesting but highly pathetic, in its reference to the lives interesting but highly pathetic, in its reference to the lives of solitary folks. The writer's aim is that of showing forth how the lonely person is apt to engender dyspeptic troubles in virtue of his (or her) social segregation. He is apt to eat his meals rapidly, because he has no inclination or attraction to cause him to linger over them. This is a first point against him. The bolting of one's dinner is the beginning of digestive troubles. the beginning of digestive troubles.

This much any tyro in medicine will teach us, and the reason is not far to seek. A reporter with a vivid imagination once related that the late Mr. Gladstone masticated each mouthful thirty-two times, and ensured good health and longevity thereby. The number thirty-two strikes one as suspicious, because it is the number of our teeth of the second set; and I do not for a moment suppose the distinguished statesman did anything of the kind. He probably masticated his food in a sensible way. The lonely man does exactly the opposite. With nobody to chat to, he gets his meal over as a kind of physical penance he is destined daily to undergo, and hence his breakdown later on.

The sorrows of the solitary are not ended, however, mith this simple recital. He may incline to peruse a magazine or a newspaper. One sees dozens of people dining with an evening paper for company, a practice which the amorous old gentleman in "Pink Dominos" repudiated as decidedly dull when, waiting for his inamorata, the waiter offered him the latest edition. True, there is one meal at which the newspaper is perhaps a populary permissible to a busy man, and that is breakfast. perhaps permissible to a busy man, and that is breakfast. If a man does not read his paper then, he is not likely to he able to glance at it all day long, unless, indeed, he spoils his eyes by attempting its perusal in the train. This is an allowable habit, perhaps, but the reading at dinner for the solitary is a practice condemned by medical opinion. The Lancet tells us that the social hermit is apt to pay so much attention to his literary fare that he neglects the physical side of nutrition. His chop gets cold, and then he bolts it at lightning speed, with the result again of treading the primrose path that leads to pepsin and other remedial measures.

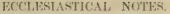
As for women solitaries, our journal is more concerned about them than about the men. When a woman has to take her meals alone, it avers, she as often as not dines not at all. Her appetite, more delicate, and requiring more coaxing, is not merely unencouraged, but is positively discouraged. Hence she sinks into dyspepsia as naturally as the duck drops into water, and when her health breaks down she is perhaps in a worse state—if she is a worker—than is the man. I have often wondered how many "meals" (I use the word emphatically) are made by worker workers in that familiaring that the teashop. The women workers in that familiar institution, the tea-shop. The "eternal teapot" is responsible for a vast deal of dyspepsia among women, and the delusion that tea is a food has not among women, and the delusion that tea is a food has not yet been dissipated by widespread physiological teaching. All this teaching is perfectly sound. It accords entirely with reason, and it finds a support in our own social practices. When we wish to entertain our friends, we ask them to share our meal. We are doing them such honour as we can bestow, but we are receiving our quid pro quo all the same. We esteem their company, and by so much the more do we, in turn, enjoy our food. The quip and the crank, the latest story, the bon mot, and even the trivial discussion of the last play or the latest literary effort all lend a grateful air to the repast.

Dining alone and living alone are evils, disadvantages, call them what we will, which undoubtedly reflect on our health, because of the mental states they engender. Many a time, in my professional wanderings, have I welcomed the chance presence of a cheery traveller in the deserted coffee-room of a hostel, and the meal that the described coffee-room of a hostel, and the mean that one would have hurried over has been appetised by the company of the passing guest. This is the experience of everybody, but the remedy for the solitary state is difficult to discover. Happily, nowadays, we get more social. Clubs and societies for working women must rob solitary lives of some of their attendant gloom. The man can make friends and acquaintances more readily than the woman, and his state is not so parlous as hers in respect of the disasters of loneliness. But we might, all of us, give an additional thought now and then to those of our acquaintances who lead lives that are not as full of friends as our own. A little kindness here may leaven agreeably what otherwise is a very tough and hard phase of existence.

THE KAISER AT KIEL. On June 12 the German Emperor visited Kiel to be present at the launch of a new battleship, the third of the Wittelsbach class. The ships of the class in question are larger than those technically known as the Kaiser class, and there are various points of difference. The new vessel, which was christened Zähringen by the Grand Duke of Baden, is 126.8 mètres in length and 28°s mètres in width. Her eugines are of 15,000 - horse power, and her speed nineteen knots an hour. The Zähringen is of 11.800 tons burden, and carries four 24-centinètre guns. The launch had been fixed for the morning, but the ceremony had to-be postponed until the afternoon, as the water was too shallow at the appointed hour. The proceedings were somewhat marred by an unfor-tunate accident, three workmen being killed and several injured by the fall of a piece of machinery. On the same day his Majesty



THE NEW IMPERIAL YACHT CLUB-HOUSE AT KIEL, OPENED ON JUNE 12 BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR.



The third Sunday after Trinity is usually one of the most brilliant, so far as preaching goes, in the entire London season. Last Sunday we had the great pleasure of hearing the aged Archbishop of Armagh, whose appearances become increasingly rare. He always attracts a crowd at Westminster Abbey, and as he is not well heard from a distance, groups collect about the pulpit and in the aisles during the sermon. Those who sat near the front last summer observed that his Grace had some difficulty in mounting the pulpit-steps, and required assistance from his chaplain.

The Record regrets that the Christian Evidence Society, which lately held its annual meeting at Sion College, is receiving insufficient support at present. The Bishop of London was president of the society in the East End during his headship of Oxford House, and his now celebrated addresses in Victoria Park



BRITISH TORPEDO-DESTROYERS IN A GERMAN HARBOUR: THE "SYLVIA" AND CONSORTS ENTERING WILHELMSHAVEN.



THE QUESTION OF REMOVING THE COWS IN ST. JAMES'S PARK:
GEORGE MORLAND'S PICTURE OF THE PARK DAIRY IN THE 18TH CENTURY.

opened a new clubhouse for the Imperial Yacht Club, which has its headquarters at Kiel.

BRITISH WAR-VESSELS AT WILHELMSHAVEN.

Wilhelmshaven, which has recently been visited by the Sylvia and other torpedodestroyers, is a military port of Prussia in the province of Hanover. It is situated on the west side of the Jade Busen, eighteen miles west of Bremerhaven, and has a good harbour which is used solely for war - vessels. The territory in which Wilhelmshaven stands is five square miles in extent, and was acquired in 1853 from Oldenburg. Near the military port, which was opened in 1869, is extensive dock-accommodation, and there are also slips for trading-vessels. The population is over 14,000. Wilhelmshaven is the station for the German North Sea fleet.

THE DAIRY IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

The threatened abolition of the dairy in St. James's Park by the authorities, who require the space for contemplated improvements, has brought to light a curious piece of evidence in support of the claim made by the owners of the stall to special rights in the park in virtue of their ancestors' and their own long holding. It is simply a print of one of George Morland's pictures of rustic scenery, showing the milk-stall in the park as it was in his time. As the famous painter died in 1804, and during his latter years depicted no West-End scenes, it may be taken for granted that the picture was painted well over a hundred years ago—quite long enough, it would seem, to substantiate the present holder's claim to "squatter's" rights. The site of the present stand was given to Mrs. Kitchin and her sister, Mrs. Barry, by Queen Victoria, when it became necessary for them to change their position some years ago.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND GRAND DUKE AND GRAND DUCHESS OF BADEN AT THE LAUNCHING OF THE NEW GERMAN IRONCLAD, "ZÄHRINGEN," ON JUNE 12, AT KIEL.

were mainly on controversial topics of

the kind chosen by the society's lecturers.

The consecration of Bishop Paget takes place at St. Paul's Cathedral on Saturday (St. Peter's Day). The homage at Marlborough House and the enthronement at Christ Church Cathedral are fixed for the beginning of July, and afterwards the Bishop will take a short holiday before entering on regular public work in the diocese.

A very handsome font has been presented to St. Paul's Church, Portman Square, by Mr. Joseph Shaw, one of the trustees of the living. This beautiful and welcome addition to the lately consecrated church is a gift in memory of Mrs. Shaw, who was a granddaughter of the late Mrs. Smyly, of Dublin.

The magnificent scheme for Liverpool Cathedral is proceeding on practical lines. For many years, as Lord Derby has pointed out, progress was hindered by the battle of sites, but it has now been definitely resolved that the cathedral shall stand on St. James's Mount, which is at present used as an open space. The one important objection was that the occupation of this site by the cathedral would deprive the neighbourhood of its only recreation-ground. The precincts will still be available as public gardens. It is hoped that before many months are over the King will lay the foundation-stone of the new building.

The Bishop of London made an excellent speech to the Association of Lay Helpers last week. He said he never felt more at home than among laymen, and shrewdly suspected that he was more than half a layman himself. He sympathised with the difficulties of lay workers, for some of which, as he laughingly admitted, the Bishop himself might be to blame. His Lordship added that the Bishop of a great diocese must be as comprehensive as the Church of England, and that, while in one place he would wear cope and mitre, on another occasion he would be quite happy at a church where the congregation did not turn to the east.

THE ASCOT MEETING OF 1901.

Гиотоспария ву Вакев



MR. W. H. WALKER'S MERRY GAL, WINNER OF THE HARDWICKE STAKES.



MR. J. B. LEIGH'S STEALAWAY, WINNER OF THE ROYAL HUNT CUP.



MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' SANTOI, WINNER OF THE GOLD CUP.



MR. E. CORRIGAN'S ROSE TREE, WINNER OF THE WOKINGHAM STAKES.





PTARMIGAN IN SUMMER PLUMAGE.

Daywa at G. E. Louis

LADIES' PAGE.

Glasgow University held a great celebration last week of the ninth half-century from its foundation; and among the many distinguished persons on whom honorary degrees were conferred were three ladies. It was quite seemly that this should be the case, for Glasgow, in common with the other Scottish Universities, is freely open to women students. There is a peculiar propriety about this in the case of



FETE GOWN IN COLOURED SPRIGGED MUSLIN.

Glasgow, since it was modelled at its foundation in 1451 on the plan of the University of Bologna, and strange as it may seem to those who call learned ladies "new women," it is the fact that Bologna has frequently boasted of ladies among not merely its graduates, but its professors. Those ladies were usually learned in either mathematics or medicine, but law has also had its lady professor at Bologna. Maria Agnesi, whose name is most generally known among the list, taught mathematics: she was appointed, as a result of her publication of a remarkable treatise which won universal recognition, by Pope Benedict XIV., himself famous for learning, in the year 1758. At about the same date, Bologna had a lady Professor of Anatomy, Madame Mazzolini, whose beautiful wax models were placed in the museum of the University, and formed one of its titles to celebrity: anatomists from all the world used to visit Bologna on purpose to see those models. So recently as 1806 Napoleon caused the appointment to a medical chair in the University of Bologna of a lady, Madame Maria delle Donne, who was a graduate in medicine of the University, and practised both medicine and surgery. At about the same period, Clotilde Tambroni was Professor of Greek at Bologna University. On the other hand, the annals of the institution show that a degree in laws was conferred on a woman so long ago as 1209 by this University. The custom was so well established and so steadily goes on through the ages, and the younger University is so admittedly founded on the model of Bologna, that it is rather matter for wonder that the admission of women to Glasgow University was delayed so long than that it is at last accomplished.

Mr. Carnegie has stipulated that his great gift to the Scottish Universities shall be shared by girls to all time. The three ladies selected for the honour of complimentary degrees on the recent occasion were: Mrs. Campbell of Tullichewan Castle, to whom the women's section of Glasgow University owes many benefits; Miss Emily Davies, who with the late Madame Bodichon founded Girton College; and Miss Weston, "the sailor's friend."

At the annual meeting of the Society for Promoting the Return of Women as Poor Law Guardians, under the Presidency of the Earl of Meath, it was reported that women sit on no fewer than 355 of the Boards that administer the charity of the State. In London there are twenty-eight Unions, out of a total of thirty-one, having some women elected, the total number of Metropolitan lady Guardians being no less than 111. Miss Louisa Twining, who was the pioneer of lady Guardians, being moved to seek election by what she saw in the course of

her unofficial visits to the sick poor in the infirmaries, told the meeting how she was called forty old years ago to give evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor Law; and Lord Salisbury, then Lord R. Cecil, M.P., dubiously asked her if she really thought that the ratepayers ever would vote for a woman to sit on a public body. Time has returned the answer very plainly. There can be no more suitable work for women than the administration of the relief of poverty and sickness; after all, that and the care and nurture of children are duties that from time immemorial have appertained to our sex, though the conditions under which the lady of medieval times distributed bread and bound up wounds are changed, and our methods of work must be altered to correspond.

Ascot is the culminating point of the season, and it will not be long before we are all seeking fresh woods and pastures new, to repair the ravages of the fatiguing social engagements that are concentrated in the previous few weeks. I hear that already the famous Schweizerhof Hotel at Lucerne has booked many of its rooms. Switzerland is the land of good hotels, and this one is pre-eminent among them. Its beautiful position, full in face of Lucerne's lovely green lake, counts for something, but good management is the root of the Schweizerhof's popularity with travellers entering Switzerland by this gate. I would like "right here," as the Americans say, to counsel ladies not to fear to travel alone, if they cannot find companions, especially in Switzerland. There is not the smallest difficulty, far less danger, in so doing. Tradition tells that there was a time when hotel-keepers looked askance at a single woman en voyage without so much as the company of a maid. That was certainly before my time. I have journeyed abundantly, for it constitutes my one enjoyment—except book-buying!

Travelling and seaside dress will now demand our best attention. Black is about the worst colour to choose for the rail journey, as it shows every speck of dust. Beige and tan colours, on the contrary, conceal this "matter in the wrong place," and greys come well through the ordeat too. For travel in hot countries—and everywhere in the ordinary track on the Continent it is hotter than in this country—brown holland is very comfortable; but it gets tumbled soon, and if it is a question of travelling from one to another place frequently, it is best to choose a light woollen material that does not crease. The looser the weave, the less the heat; canvas or a loosely woven frieze or a serge of the lightest weight answer very well. The coat and skirt is the most comfortable make of gown for travelling in, for the coat can be worn over a thin blouse of washing-silk or cambric and removed on occasion. That useful style is as fashionable as ever. The newest coats have the fronts a little longer than the sides, without being narrow enough to be called spade-fronted. Rows of stitching are sufficient ornament



A.REGIMENTAL MEMENTO.

Two silver models, representing respectively an officer and a private of the 4th Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, in full fighting equipment, are to be presented to the Officers' Mess by Colonel R. J. Morrisen, as a memento of the time he passed in the regiment. The models are by the Royal Silversmiths, Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of Oxford Street, London, W., and Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

for the severely useful coat of travel, but strappings of black glace are being employed a good deal by the best tailors. The skirt should, above all things, be light, and therefore tucks are not to be commended. Stitched strappings are less weighty if in silk.

Excellent travelling dresses and coats can be picked up at the sales, that are on the eve of beginning, by those women who have the luck to be near a "stock size." Messrs. Peter Robinson begin their sale at both their

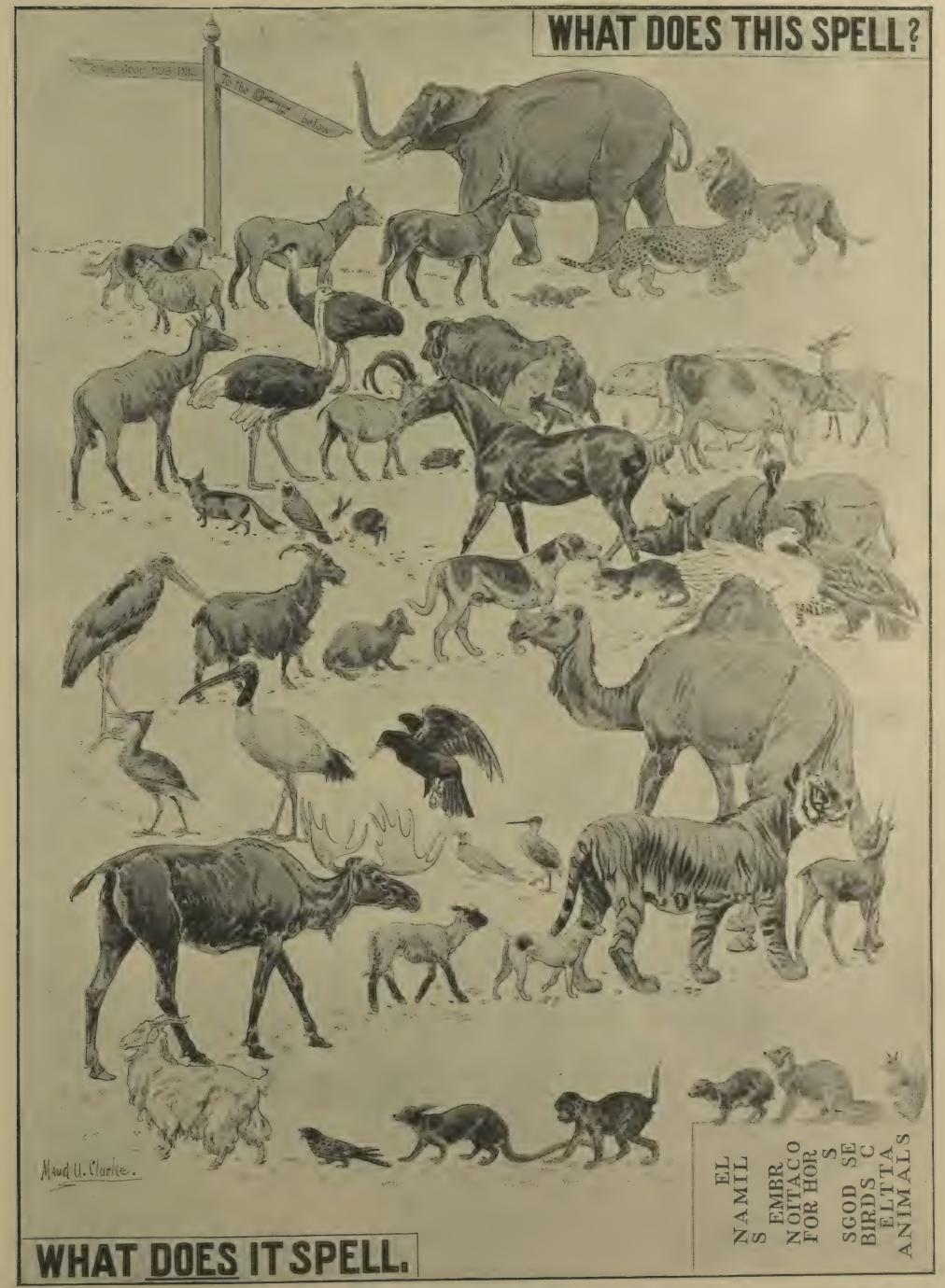


GARDEN PARTY GOWN IN SPRIGGED MUSLIN AND LACE.

houses on July 1, and many a bargain will be forth-coming. The exceptional circumstances that have disorganised trade this season will be to the advantage of purchasers; for in big establishments like this fresh goods must be got for each season, and the stock in hand, therefore, must be disposed of, even at a sacrifice. At the Oxford Street establishment of this colebrated firm, there will be procurable a charming foulard costume, the bodice unmade, but trimming provided to an excellent design that is depicted, for 69s. 6d.; and a cotton costume complete, with sailor bodice, at 18s. 11d. In unmade lace robes there are many exceptional bargains. What do you think of a really charming Alençon needlerun robe for 69s.? while a very nice Tambour lace in beige-colour is actually to be had for 25s. 9d.! Crêpe-de-Chine and net skirts are equally heroically reduced; and in every department of this vast establishment, which truthfully announces that it has "everything for ladies' wear," bargains may be found by the most casual observer. At the other house, 252 to 264, Regent Street, black is always a great speciality; and in both the silk and material departments a large stock of black dress goods is much reduced in price. Some steel-grey silks brocaded with black of the finest quality are reduced to less than half their original prices. There are also some very elegant evening coats marked down quite regardless of their first cost. The furs here are good, and this is the best time of year to buy them. Among the special bargains are black chiffon and lace parasols, reduced from 25s. 9d. to 5s. 11d.

Our Illustrations show pretty garden-party gowns in sprigged muslin, trimmed with lace. One has the bolero trimmed also with a narrow band of satin ribbon; this muslin is not a white ground, but a paler shade of the sprigging colour. The hats are straw, trimmed with chiffon and roses.

Now that summer has come, the bath that even small respectable houses possess nowadays, because the value of bathing is now understood, is more appreciated than ever. If everybody knew the easy increase that can be obtained to the refreshment of the bath by the addition of a little Scrubb's Ammonia to the water, it would be fortunate for them. The cleansing properties of this excellent preparation are well known to the housewife, but it is as a refreshing adjunct to the bath that it is now in place to mention its virtues. About a couple of tablespoonfuls added to a full bath is sufficient, and, as Dr. Joseph Farrar states, this "acts as a very agreeable and desirable stimulant, and leaves the bather in the enjoyment of a glowing feeling of exhilaration and lightness of spirits, peculiar to the use of this preparation."



No Prize offered. The names of the Animals may be known by writing for a post-card, with the names already printed upon it. A copy of the Picture this size, post free Twopence; or in a larger size-viz., 21 inches deep by 15 inches wide, without the margin-may be had post free, throughout the world, for Stamps to the value of Sixpence. Address ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

ART NOTES.

Few, if any, of our recently established Art Guilds have made such rapid strides as the Pastel Society, of which the third exhibition is now open at the Royal Institute of Painters, Piccadilly. Not only have those who practise this branch enlarged the scope of their work, but they

have acquired such a mastery over their medium that the effects obtained must commend pastel - work to our serious attention. How far the methods employed for fixing the chalk are to be relied on as permanent is a question upon which it is needless to enter on this occasion. In view, however, of the excellent condition in which the work of the pastellists of the past has been preserved, there is no reason to suppose that our con-temporaries will be less fortunate. Not the least of the charm of the present show is the camaraderie which seems to exist among pastellists of all nationalities; and neither space nor position is grudgingly accorded to foreigners, as too often is the case in our exhibitions. Although M. Blanche, M. Thaulow, M. Emile Wauters, and M. Khnoppf are among the foreigners absent from the walls, their places are ably filled by others of like origin. M. Ménard leads off with two very distinctive landscapes, "Le Soir" and "Le Matin," of which the latter, with its soft haze rising from the river, is the more attractive. M. Fromuth occupies himself specially with Breton fisherfolk and their boats: M. René Billotte with night scenes; and M. Guignard with sheep and oxen in the pastures and sandhills of Northern France.

There are also specimens of the work of the late M. Segantini-the painter of the Engadine; and some very interesting, but not attractive, working drawings done by the sculptor M. Rodin.

It is, however, among our own fellow-countrymen that we notice the most distinct marks of progress; and it is

satisfactory to find artists who have made their mark in oils or water-colours bringing to their pastel work the fruits of mature judgment and trained taste. What is more strange, perhaps, is that the medium lends itself freely to each painter's mood. Mr. Austen Brown is strong and melancholy, Mr. Walter Padgett sad and poetical, Mr. George Clausen sings the song of toil, and Mr. Joseph

other farmyard studies; of Mr. Nettleship's wild creatures and Mr. H. M. Livens' tame, especially his barnyard fowls. Mr. Grosvenor Thomas, who has many moods, shows how adaptable this sort of work is to representing the quickly shifting aspects of sea-sands under advancing and receding waves; whilst Mr. Melton Fisher proves convincingly that it is especially suited to charming figure-studies, and for children's bright faces. Mr. H. B. Brabazon goes a step further

and claims pastels as a medium for the brightest impressionism; whilst Mr. Ernest Sichel in "The Bather" shows that even for purely classic work it can be used with excellent results. Mr. Henry Muhrman seems unnecessarily sombre in his dealings with London suburbs; but Mr. Peppercorn, usually somewhat de-pressed in tone when painting in oils, here breaks out into singing the praises of light and nature. Altogether, the exhibition of the Pastel Society is most creditable to the members and of great interest to the public.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries (New Bond Street) two problems have been submitted to the verdict of the public. One is "Shall Pre - Raphaelitism be revived?" and the other, "Have we need of a fresh medium in painting?" Miss Fortescue - Brickdale undertakes to really on behalf of takes to reply on behalf of the Pre-Raphaelites, and it would seem as if the public had ratified her opinion. She has, wisely or unwisely, taken Mr. Byam Shaw as her "prophet," and while she successfully sustains the brightness of his colouring, and not unfrequently moderates its crudeness, she

unfortunately falls into the pit which he has (doubtless unintentionally) dug for those who follow him too closely. To give to forty or fifty pictures the general title "Such stuff as dreams are made of" is to court misapprehension or ridicule, and without hinting even that Miss Brickdale's imagination fails her, it must be admitted that in some case it has a somewhat too solid basis



ELEPHANT SEAL PRESENTED TO THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

This specimen of the Elephant Scal, or Sea Elephant (Macrorhinus Leoninus), was hilled on the Macquarie Islands. It is 16 feet long, 8 feet high, and 4 feet broad. The seal is the gift of the Hon. Walter Rothschild.

> Pennell claims attention for the unappreciated beauties of the London streets; and each shows that his message can be conveyed and emphasised in pastels. Among the lessknown artists who also display more than ordinary aptitude in this branch, mention should be made of M. A. Nozal, whose brilliant studies of French landscape are especially attractive; of Mr. J. R. K. Duff's "Sheep and Snow," and

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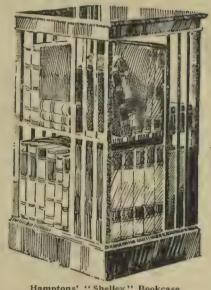
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Hamptons' "Shelley" Bookcase.

Sizes of spaces for Books: width, 9\(\frac{3}{2}\) in.; depth, 5\(\frac{7}{2}\) in.; height of top space, 11 in.; height of bottom space, 12\(\frac{1}{2}\) in. Mahogany, Oak, or Walnut, 70\(\frac{7}{2}\).

For other examples of Revolving Bookcases, see Hamptons' Special Illustrated List, sent free. PALL MALL EAST, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.

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for dream purposes, and it is no discredit to the charm of her work to say that her fingers are often more nimble than her fancy. With this proviso, the exhibition must be regarded as an attractive one, and in several cases—such as "Time trieth Troth," a wedded couple toiling up hill over the dead leaves of their hopes; "The Goal of Love," which the conquering knight in full armour is unable to attain; and "The Cup of Happiness," where Dives is looking with envy on the relish with which Lazarus drains his porringer—there is an obvious moral which will commend itself to all. In others it is more difficult to follow the artist's intention, but thereby each seer may draw his own lesson from the stuff of which his own or Miss Brickdale's dreams are made, and he will be often helped and cheered on the way by the skilful and brilliant colouring and the careful thought which the artist for dream purposes, and it is no discredit to the charm brilliant colouring and the careful thought which the artist has brought into her work.

The other question is answered by Mr. Nico Jungmann, a Dutch artist, who has already made his name known on this side of the North Sea. He claims notice on this occasion by a series of "frescoes" in which he depicts "Picturesque Holland" and its inhabitants. The applieability of fresco work to pictures of a cabinet size is an open question, but it is somewhat stretching the usual limits of fresco-painting to find it treating in the most brilliant colours, with the harsh outlines of gesso-work subjects, landscapes or figures, of which hitherto we have been inclined to think atmosphere was the natural setting and the matchless softener. Mr. Jungmann, however, will have none of such conversions to our weeklynesses; he is for have none of such concessions to our weaknesses: he is for

direct, strong, almost brutal exactitude, except when in the interests of picturesqueness he represents Dutch girls and Dutch children with a delicacy of charm rarely vouchsafed to them. One cannot help feeling that the artist, who has obviously been travelling in Italy, has brought to the dunes memories of the lagoons, and that he sees in every pale-faced Frisian the brilliant faces and flashing eyes of the peasants of Chioggia and Murano.

At the Fine Art Society's Galleries, Mr. Arthur Severn's water-colour drawings are the most attractive from an art point of view of the three exhibitions now open. He has essentially that love of Nature which makes a man, and especially an artist, eager to surprise makes a man, and especially an artist, eager to surprise her secrets; and it would seem that at sunset he is most frequently in communion with her. There are at least half-a-dozen such studies in this collection which show a remarkable insight into, and appreciation of, the beauty of clouds at sunset, those on the Cumberland coast being especially noteworthy. In all his work—whether in the Lake District, on the Normandy coast, or in Switzerland—Mr. Arthur Sevent is always suggestive; and his careful Mr. Arthur Severn is always suggestive; and his careful work often rises to a high level.

Mr. John Guille Millais' drawings of birds and animals in motion will commend themselves more particularly to sportsmen, among whom they will arouse considerable criticism. That such criticism will be well founded is another question, for nothing is more deceptive to the ordinary eye than the actual position of the limbs of animals and birds in motion. Mr. J. G. Millais stands so high among the painters of animals that his treatment of them may be accepted as sufficient and convincing.

The late Mr. Henry A. Harper, who was well known as an accomplished painter of spots in the Holy Land, died suddenly last year, leaving behind him a number of water-colour sketches, some of which had served him as notes for his larger pictures. Nearly one hundred and fifty of these are now on view, and will sustain the artist's reputation as one of the most successful painters of scenery which will always be invested with special interest for those who have visited the East, as well as for those who have never enjoyed this privilege.

There are other small exhibitions now open which may have special attractions to certain persons, but they can scarcely be said to have any general interest. Amongst these M. Fantin Latour's lithographs at Messrs. Gutekunst's (King Street, St. James's), Mr. Charles Conder's fans and other Watteau-treated subjects at the Carfax Gallery (Ryder Street), and Mr. Hartrick's subject-pictures and Mrs. Hartrick's flower-pieces at the Continental Gallery (New Bond Street) may be specially mentioned.

The English Church Union celebrated its forty-second anniversary last week, when Dr. Sanday preached the anniversary sermon at St. Matthias, Earl's Court, and Lord Halifax presided over two important meetings at tho Church House.

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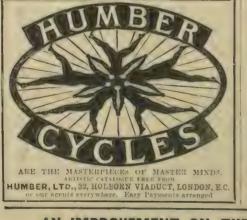
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 8, 1900), with a codicil (dated Sept. 13 following), of Sir Henry Edmund Watson, J.P., D.L., of Shirecliffe Hall, Sheffield, who died on Feb. 17, was proved to the control of the on June 14 by John Clifford Watson, the nephew, and William Burnett Esam, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £175,707. The testator gives £1000 to the the estate being £175,707. The testator gives £1000 to the Boys' Charity Schools, Sheffield; £500 each to the Girls' Charity Schools, the Infirmary, the Royal Hospital, the Children's Hospital, the Deakin Institute, and Withers Pensions. Sheffield; to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Anne Watson, an annuity of £1000; to his brother John the use of Shirecliffe Hall and the effects therein, and an annuity of £1000 conditions. annuity of £2000; to his niece Alice Jane £1000, and on the death of her father £15,000, upon trust, and an annuity while a spinster of £500, to be raised to £1000 should she survive Mrs. Anne Watson; to his nephew Theodore Thomas Bliss Watson £20,000; and other legacies. He gives and devises his interest in the Broomhall estate and other property at Sheffield to his nephew John Clifford. for life, and then as he shall appoint to his sons. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew John

The will (dated Oct. 10, 1891), with two codicils (dated Jan. 27, 1894, and Feb. 8, 1895), of Catherine Lucy

Wilhelmine, Duchess of Cleveland, of Battle Abbey and 18, Grosvenor Place, who died on May 18, was proved on June 18 by the Earl of Rosebery, the son, and Earl Stanhope, the nephew, the value of the estate being £119,426. The testatrix gives £10,000, or any sum she may become entitled to on the death of James Banks Stanhope, to lear developer Consider Eveloper Locky. Stanhope, to her daughter Caroline Evelyn, Lady Leconfield, and she also gives to her the use of certain diamond held, and she also gives to her the use of certain diamond jewels for life and then, upon trust, for the person who shall for the time being be the Baron of Leconfield; her books, pictures, plate, lace, furs, and personal articles to her daughter Lady Mary Catherine Constance Hope, and £100 to her maid, Marie Morel. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her daughter Lady Mary C. C. Hope, for life, and then as she shall appoint to her children.

The will (dated Sept. 1, 1897), with a codicil (dated Oct. 3, 1898), of Mr. John Ware Stephenson, of 186, Clapham Road, who died on May 3, was proved on June 17 by Charles Stephenson, the brother, and Vincent John Dell, two of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £115,026. The testator gives £500 and his household effects to his brother; 100 guineas each to his executors; an annuity of £300 to Magnaretts. Roughtte executors; an annuity of £300 to Margaretta Rousette Drury; an annuity of £50 to Mary Louise Drury; and

legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his brother, for life, and then between the Royal Hospital for Incurables (Putney) and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Crucity to Animals.

The will (dated Sept. 20, 1897), with a codicil (dated April 2, 1900), of Mr. John Reginald Trollope, of 17, Eaton April 2, 1900), of Mr. John Reginald Trollope, of 17, Eaton Square, S.W., who died on May 6, was proved on June 18 by Robert Gerald Trollope, the brother, and Robert Browne, the executors, the value of the estate being £77,826. The testator bequeaths £4000, upon trust, for his nephew, Robert Geoffrey Browne; an annuity of £300 to his mother, Mrs. Harriette Trollope; and during her life an annuity of £200 to his sister Mrs. Alice Mary Browne; and the remainder of the income from his property for and the remainder of the income from his property for his brother Robert Gerald, but should either of his sisters Blanche or Mabel Frances marry, a one third share is to be paid to her. At the decease of Mrs. Trollope, the residuary estate is to be divided between his brother and sisters, and the issue of any deceased brother or sister, the share of each sister to be three times as much as that of his brother.

The will (dated March 9, 1882), with a codicil (dated April 15, 1901), of Mr. Alfred Chaplin, of The Windham Club, St. James's Street, and Henfield House, Henfield, Sussex, who died on April 18, was proved on June 17 by

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Mrs. Mary Caroline Chaplin, the widow, and Sir Benjamin Lumsden Gordon, K.C.B., the executors, the value of the estate being £66,370. The testator bequeaths £5000, and his household furniture and live and dead stock, to his wife; and £200 to Sir B. L. Gordon. The residue of his

wife; and £200 to Sir B. L. Gordon. The residue of his property he leaves as to one half, upon trust, for his wife for life, and subject thereto for his children. But should he leave no child, then the whole is to be held on trust for his wife, and at her decease for his brothers William Augustus, Ernest, Horace, Percy, and John Worthy.

The will (dated June 1, 1888), with a codicil (dated Dec. 10, 1896), of Mr. Cecil Thomas Molineux-Montgomeric, D.L., of Garboldisham Manor, Norfolk, who died on April 17, was proved on June 13 by Mrs. Eleanor Frances Molineux-Montgomeric, the widow, Brian Piers Lascelles, and Granville Edwin Lloyd Baker, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £59,907. All his real and leasehold property testator leaves, upon trust, for his and leasehold property testator leaves, upon trust, for his son George Frederick, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his wife.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1901) of Major-General Sir William Crossman, K.C.M.G., of Cheswick House, Beal, Northumberland, formerly M.P. for Portsmouth, who died on April 19, was proved on June 5 by Colonel Benjamin Satterthwaite, Alexander Crossman, the brother, Frederick Willes Crookshank, and Charles Edward Crosse Prichard, the executors, the value of the estate being £54,972. The testator bequeaths £500, furniture, etc., to the value of £800, and an annuity of £500 during widowhood, or of

£300 should she again marry, to his wife, Dame Anne Matilda Crossman; his fishery gear employed in the fisheries of Goswick, Cheswick, and Holy Island to his son Laurence Morley; and £100 each to his children. He devises Gainslaw House, with the farms and lands, to his son Robert for life; and his estates in Northumberland, including those passing under the will of his father, he settles on his son Laurence Morley, but charged with the payment of £1000 per annum to his son Robert, £200 per annum to his wife, and £100 per annum each to his daughters. The residue of his property he leaves upon trust for his four children, Robert, Laurence Morley, Mary Catherine, and Alice Margaret.

The will (dated Sept. 20, 1899) of William George, second Earl of Munster, of 23, Palmeira Square; Brighton, who died on April 30, was proved on June 11 by Geoffrey George Gordon, now third Earl of Munster, the son, and William Rolle Malcolm, and George John Marjoribanks, the executors, the value of the estate being £20,013. The testator gives £2500, his household furniture, and the use of his residence to his wife, Wilhelmina, Countess of Munster; his plate, jewels, pictures, and statuary to his eldest son; £50 each to his executors, Mr. Marjoribanks and Mr. Malcolm; and £400 to his parlourmaid, Alice and Mr. Malcolm; and £400 to his parlourmaid, Alice Gravett. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, the Hon. Aubrey FitzClarence, the Hon. William George FitzClarence, the Hon. Harold Edward FitzClarence, Lady Lilian Adelaide Katherine Boyd, and Lady Dorothea Augusta FitzClarence, as tenants in common.

MUSIC.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

On Saturday, June 22, "La Tosca" was given at Covent Garden by a company including three of the original members of the cast—Fräulein Ternina, Signor Scotti, and M. Gilibert. Puccini's "La Bohème" has been received with much favour at Covent Garden, but "La Tosca" will give him more lasting fame. Signor Puccini is, of course, under a debt of obligation to Sardou, for the plot is instinct under a debt of obligation to Sardou, for the plot is instinct with dramatic intensity; but that, in less clever hands, would necessitate a greater strain in the production of grand effects. Puccini richly ornaments every picturesque effect, but in so doing he never gets a tawdry result. Take the first act. The solemn notes of the organ, the chiming bells, the chanting choir, the voices of the worshipping and chattering people assembled to sing the "Te Deum" after a victory, and the heavy, toneless roar of the guns outside, firing the salute, make a magnificent ensemble. Then in the second act there is the happy introduction of quaint old-fashioned music off the stage, with La Tosca's song, which is arrested by Scarpia's stage, with La Tosca's song, which is arrested by Scarpia's petulant closing of his windows, to shut out her fascinations, while he plans his villainous treachery. Lastly, in the third act, there is the picturesque view of Rome in twilight, seen from the ramparts of the Castle of St. Angelo. Fraulein Ternina made a wonderful La Tosca. Her voice was perfect, her conception of the part most happy. The lover, Cavaradessi, was played by Signor de Marchi, a new tenor, so far as London is concerned, and he deserved his



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favourable reception. He acts well and sings truly and pleasingly. Signor Scotti was perfect; his Scarpia leaves nothing to be desired.

On Friday evening Verdi's "Otello" was given.

Signor Mancinelli conducted; Signor Tamagno played the title-rôle, and Madame Emma Eames was the Desdemona.. She acted with great charm, and her cold, faultless voice was a refreshing contrast to the gusty, turbulent Otello of Signor Tamagno. Each was excellent, but one felt relieved that Desdemona was so far removed from a modern termagant. It would not have been possible to have endured two such violent people. Signor Tamagno is admirably suited to undertake the rôle of Otello. His declamatory method has ample scope. His murder of

Desdemona was almost painfully realistic.

Miss Annie Stokes, a promising young violinist, will give her first recital on Friday evening, June 28, in the

Steinway Hall. Miss Stokes is a pupil of Wilhelmj's, and will provide an interesting programme, which includes the G mmor Sonata of Tartini; Moderato, Adagio, and Moto perpetuum of Ries; and the Schubert Rondeau Brillant Duet for piano and violin, in which she will be joined by Mr. Dalhousie Young. She will also be assisted by Mr. Denis O'Sullivan and Miss Janet Duff, who will sing some of Francis Korbay's new Magyar songs, accompanied by the composer.

At the St. James's Hall, on Friday, June 21, Madame Hélène L'Amy gave an interesting concert. She has been studying for the last two or three years, and her reappearance on the concert platform is a welcome one. Mudame L'Amy has a mezzo-soprano voice, with some beautiful middle notes; but her higher notes do not justify entirely the compass of songs she sings. Her method is highly artistic, and her rendering of some short

songs of Dvoràk and Brahms was very much to be commended.

Mr. Arthur Friedheim on June 21 gave an afternoon pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall. His playing is brilliant, his taste refined, and his powers of expression are perfect. The artist's lighter notes and dreamy playing in the "Ballad No. 2" in B minor of Liszt were peculiarly attractive.

La Marguerite, of the New Palace Steamers, Limited, commenced her season's sailings on Wednesday, June 26, with a trip to Margate and Boulogne and back. A new feature will be introduced into the programme this season in the shape of a special sailing to Calais and back every Thursday. The company's illustrated guide-book, "By the Silent Highway," will be welcomed by voyagers on the Palesconterers. the Palace steamers.

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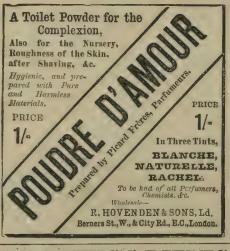
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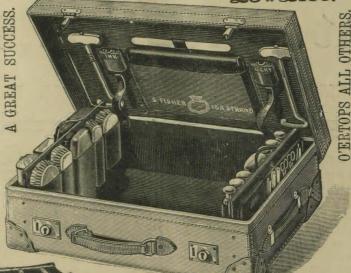


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